

THE CRYPT OF TERROR



NO. 17

1954

# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

100



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**ILLUSTRATED  
SUSPENSE STORIES**

WE DARE YOU TO READ!



—WRECK OF



NO. 1  
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# CRYPT



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# TERROR

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## ILLUSTRATED

STORIES BY THE EDITOR

WE DARE YOU TO READ!

WEREWOLF  
STORIES AGAIN

# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELL... WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR READER! WELCOME BACK HOME TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! GET A GOOD SHIP ON YOURSELF! SIT BACK AND RELAX... AND I'LL TELL YOU ANOTHER TALE DESIGNED TO SHOCK YOU. TO REASSURE YOU! THIS TALE FROM MY COLLECTION IS CALLED...

## DEATH MUST COME!



MY STORY BEGINS IN A LONELY OLD HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF A SMALL TOWN. OUTSIDE, NIGHT IS FALLING.

HENRY! YOU DID MY MESSAGE? THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! ANOTHER DAY AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!

BUT, FREDERICK! IT HAS BEEN ONE FIVE YEARS THIS TIME...



YES! BUT MY BONES ARE BEGINNING TO ACHES... AND THE PAINS IN MY BACK... ARE GETTING STRONGER! I MUST HAVE ANOTHER OPERATION TOMORROW!

OH, I'M TIRED FROM SITTING! LET ME SIT DOWN FOR A WHILE!



YES, HERE? SIT DOWN! IT IS TOO EARLY TO START OUT, ANYWAY!

YOU LOOK EXACTLY THE SAME, FREDERICK! EXACTLY AS YOU LOOKED THAT NIGHT ALMOST FIFTY YEARS AGO...



I REMEMBER IT AS THOUGH IT WERE YESTERDAY! WE WERE BOTH TWENTY-FIVE YEARS... AMBITIOUS... FULL OF LIFE! REMEMBER? IT WAS IN VIENNA! TWO YOUNG STRUGGLING SCIENTISTS... WITH AN IDEA! THEN... IF OUR EXPERIMENTS ARE CORRECT... HENRY... AND WHAT WE HAVE PROVEN ABOUT THIS ISLAND IS TRUE, WE HAVE SOLVED THE RAPIDLY PROBLEM OF THE AGING OF A HUMAN BODY! THINK WHAT IT CAN MEAN!

ETERNAL LIFE! REPLACING THE ISLAND WITH A YOUNGER ONE CAN MEAN ARRESTING OLD AGE!



WE MUST PROVE IT, HENRY! WE MUST TRY IT ON OURSELVES!

NO, DON'T TRY IT, MY OLD FRIEND! I DON'T WANT ETERNAL LIFE! I WANT TO KNOW OLD AND DIE WHEN MY TIME COMES!



YOU'RE A FOOL, HENRY! THINK OF IT! YOU CAN LOOK AS YOU LOOK TODAY... FIFTY... A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW! I WANT IT, EVEN IF YOU DON'T! YOU WILL PERFORM THE OPERATION ON ME! WE OWE IT TO SCIENCE, TO THE WORLD!



AS YOU WISH, FREDERICK! HERE? IN ANYWHERE CAN WE SET A POWER ALARM? WHERE? WHEN? WILL WE FIND ONE?



ALYES, FREDERICK, I REMEMBER WELL! THE PAPER TOLD OF A YOUNG COLLEGE STUDENT'S UNTIMELY DEATH! OUR EXPERIMENTS HAD PROVEN THAT THE GLAND REMAINED ACTIVE AFTER SUDDEN DEATH FOR 48 HOURS! THAT NIGHT WE WENT TO THE CEMETERY AND EXHUMED THE STILL-WARM CORPSE.



QUIET! WE MUST NOT BE CAUGHT!

I DON'T LIKE THIS, FREDERICK! I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL!

AND IN THE EARLY HOURS OF THAT MORNING, I REMOVED YOUR GLAND... AND SUBSTITUTED THAT OF AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD BOY IN ITS PLACE...



IT IS OVER, FREDERICK! THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS! HOW DO YOU FEEL?

A LITTLE SICK FROM THE ANESTHETIC BUT ALL RIGHT!

THAT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO! TWENTY YEARS LATER, I WAS OVER FORTY FIVE... YOU SENT FOR ME! WHAT A SHOCK TO SEE YOU... STILL YOUNG... STILL FULL OF YOUTH!



AMAZING, FREDERICK! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, BENNY! SIT DOWN!



WHY DID YOU SEND FOR ME, FREDERICK?

IT... IT'S MY GLANDS... LOOK! THEY'RE BEGINNING TO SHOW SIGNS OF WEAR AND TEAR...



BUT, OF COURSE! THAT GLAND WE REPLACED... IT IS BECOMING WEAR. IT IS NO LONGER SECRETING THE FLUID THAT DISOLVES THE BODY WARES.

THEN... YOU MEANT YOU'D BEGIN TO GROW OLD, NO? NOT!



WE MUST REPLACE IT... WITH A YOUNG, STRONG GLAND! WE MUST CONTINUE WITH THE EXPERIMENT! WE MUST!

AND THE GLAND... YOU KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET ONE...



YES... HERE! THE CENTURY COLUMN! ANOTHER YOUTH DEAD! WE STILL HAVE TIME... FOREVER!... TO REMOVE THE GLAND IN GOOD CONDITION!

THIS IS BROWN! ALL BROWN!

WHAT HAD HE DONE? HE'S DEAD, ISN'T HE? COME! WE HAVEN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!

YES, FREDERICK!



AND SO AGAIN HE WENT TO A CEMETERY... JUST AS HE HAD THAT FIRST TIME...

THE COFFIN! YOU'VE STRUCK THE COFFIN!

GIVE ME THE SHIRT! I'LL WRAP THE BODY IN IT!



AND AGAIN I PERFORMED THE OPERATION... SUCCESSFULLY! THE YOUTH WAS A GOOD SPECIMEN... NINETEEN! HE HAD BEEN HIT BY A TRUCK... BUT THE ISLAND WAS UNDISCOVERED...

THEN YOU WENT TO AMERICA... AND SHORTLY AFTER, AN OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED ITSELF, AND I FOLLOWED ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER THE SECOND OPERATION... I RECEIVED A LETTER!

AT FIRST, I DID NOT WANT TO GO! I WAS ALMOST SIXTY! WHAT WOULD I FIND? THE SAME YOUNG, HANDSOME BOY I HAD KNOWN THIRTY-FIVE YEARS BEFORE? SURELY, MY SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY GOT THE BETTER OF ME, AND I AGREE!



THERE! IT IS DONE!



HENRY! I MUST TELL YOU! COME AT ONCE! ANOTHER OPERATION IS IMPERATIVE! FREDERICK!



FREDERICK! IT CAN'T BE! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

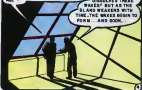
YES, HENRY! IT IS ME! STILL YOUNG! STILL FRESH!

AH! AREN'T YOU SORRY, NOW, THAT YOU DIDN'T CONSENT TO A MORE ELABORATE EXPERIMENT?

PORRABLY! PERHAPS NOT! I DO NOT KNOW! ANYWAY, THAT IS OF NO MATTER! WHAT CONCERNS ME IS NOW! YOU SAY ANOTHER OPERATION IS NECESSARY?

YES! THE WAXES ARE FORMING AGAIN! YOU KNOW THAT ACCORDING TO OUR CALCULATIONS, IT IS THESE WAXES THAT STOP OTHER BLAMES FROM OPERATING CORRECTLY, THEREBY BRINGING ON A BREAKDOWN OF TISSUE, AND "OLD-AGE"!

YES, AND THAT THE ISLAND LOCATED ON THE SPLEEN SECRETED A FLUID WHICH IN YOUTH, DISSOLVES THESE WAXES! BUT AS THE ISLAND WEAKENS WITH TIME, THE WAXES BEGIN TO FORM... AND SOON...



EASIER! WELL, THE SLAND HAS  
WEIGHED. IT *WOULD* BE  
REPLACED? HENRY, IT MUST  
BE REPLACED *TOMORROW*!

FREDERICK? HOW  
LONG DO YOU  
INTEND TO KEEP  
THIS UP?



UNTIL I AM SEVENTY. OR  
EIGHTY? THEN WE WILL  
TELL THE WORLD!

I *WAS* NOT BE HERE BY  
THEN, FREDERICK? WHY  
NOT TELL... *NOW*?



WE'LL SEE, HENRY! BUT NOW...  
WE HAVE WORK TO DO.



"AND SO, FOR THE THIRD TIME, WE  
WENT TO A GEMETERY... REMOVED  
THE BODY...



"... AND I PERFORMED ANOTHER OPER-  
ATION! THIS TIME, IT WAS A TWENTY-  
TWO YEAR OLD MAN! HE HAD BEEN  
KILLED IN A BRAWL...



"AFTER YOUR RECOVERY, THE CONVERSATION ABOUT  
PUBLISHING A REPORT WAS FORGOTTEN... AND I WENT  
AWAY! BUT *TEN YEARS LATER* YOU SENT FOR ME  
AGAIN!"



SO SOON, FREDERICK?  
*SO SOON?*

THE SLAND MUST WORK  
MUCH HARDER NOW? IT  
CANNOT LAST AS LONG!

FREDERICK? I AM  
ALMOST SEVENTY?

YOU CAN DO IT, HENRY! YOU'VE  
DONE IT THREE TIMES BEFORE!



AND SO, FOR THE FOURTH TIME IN FORTY-FIVE YEARS, IRE WENT AGAIN TO A CEMETERY AND REMOVED A BODY NOT YET COOL IN DEATH...

I CANNOT HELP YOU, FREDERICK!  
I WANTED BLS TO DO THIS

JUST HOLD THE  
LIGHT, HENRY! I  
AM STRONG, I WILL  
MANAGE IT ALONE!



AND THAT SAME NIGHT...

USE A LOCAL ANESTHETIC,  
I WANT TO WATCH IN THAT  
MURDER ON THE CEILING!

AS YOU WISH,  
FREDERICK?



AND AFTER YOUR RECOVERY, FIVE  
YEARS AGO, WE PARTIED! AND NOW  
YOU SEND FOR ME AGAIN! CAN'T YOU  
SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING,  
FREDERICK?



YES, HENRY! THE  
TIME BETWEEN  
OPERATIONS IS  
GROWING SHORTER!



AND THIS WILL  
CONTINUE UNTIL  
YOU WILL NEED A  
NEW CLAMP EVERY  
YEAR... EVERY  
MONTH... EVERY  
YEAR!

NO, IT WILL NEVER  
COME TO THAT!  
PERHAPS A  
YOUNGER CLAMP  
A DAYLIFE?



I CANNOT  
DO OR,  
FREDERICK  
I REFUSE!

YOU MUST!!  
YOU MUST!!

NO! I REFUSE! I WILL NOT  
PERFORM THE OPERATION  
AGAIN!

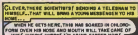
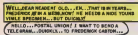


DISORDERING OLD PEOPLE?

ORDER?







CAREFULLY, FREDERICK PREPARES FOR THE OPERATION. IT WILL BE TIGHT... THE LOCAL ANESTHETIC... THE REMOVAL OF THE GLAND... AND THEN... OPERATE UPON HIMSELF.

...BUT... IT HAS TO BE DONE!



...AND THEN... AS THE SCULPTOR LAYS BARE THE PLACE WHERE THE GLAND IS LOCATED...

NO! NO! NO!

AAAAAAH!



SHOCKED AND HORRIFIED, FREDERICK STAGGERS FROM THE LABORATORY. THERE IS NO HOPE NOW!

GASP! GASP!



OLD MAN! THE FLESH DRAGS TIGHT OVER HIS BONES... THE HAIR GRAYS... THE EYES REDDEN... THE FINGERS SNAP...



WEARILY, HE SINKS TO THE STOPS. HIS BODY BENT AND OLD... HIS FEATURES DISTORTED, UGLY... WRINKLED... WITHERED...



A FINAL SCREAM... AND THEN SILENCE! THE DEEP SILENCE OF DEATH...



AND THAT'S THE STORY, DEAR READER! FREDERICK FINALLY DID DIE, AN OLD MAN WHO KNOWS THE NIGHT HAVE LIVED LONGER IF HE HADN'T CRAVED ETERNAL LIFE! OR... BY THE WAY, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT FREDDY SAW WHEN HE... OR... OPENED UP... THAT MESSENGER? WELL... HE FOUND *ADAMANT*! IT SEEMS THAT PART OF THE BOY'S SPLEEN HAD BEEN REMOVED - THE PART WITH THE GLAND! SEEING THAT SAVED OLD FREDDY THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE! WELL... I'LL SEE YOU NEXT ISSUE WITH ANOTHER TALE FROM THE

**THE CRYPT OF TERROR!**  
BE SURE AND COME, WON'T YOU?

IF YOU LIKE OUR TYPE OF STORY... WILL YOU WRITE AND TELL, MR. Russ Cochran, P.O. Box 468, West Plains, MO 65775

OUT OF THE DARK NIGHT HE WALKED, HIS HANDS TRAINED IN THE ART OF KILLING, HIS BRAIN A SEETHING FERMENT OF DESTRUCTION! HIS EYES SAW LIFE, AND HIS HEART LOVED THE GRAVE, FOR HE WAS---

# "THE MAN WHO WAS DEATH"



EDGAR BOWMAN WAS THE EXECUTIONER AT STATE'S PRISON. HIS HANDS WERE DEFT WITH GAF AND BRACES, BUT HIS HEART SEEMED FORMED OF STONE...

EVERYTHING'S READY, BOON. THEY WILL BRING HIM IN HERE, SHIVELLING AND WEeping!



NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I DON'T WANT TO... DIE! I'M SCARED! SCARED!

HE DIDN'T THINK OF THIS WHEN HE WAS KILLING HIS BROTHER!



EDGAR BOWMAN WAS A CAREFUL WORKMAN--HE CHECKED HIS SWITCHES AND HIS WIRES CAREFULLY, EVEN AS THE SCREAMING GUNMAN WAS CASTING TO THE CHAIR.

AAAAAAAAHHH! NO, NO! I'LL DO ANYTHING! GIVE ME ANOTHER CHANCE! I DON'T KNOW...IT WOULD BE LIKE-- FARE?



THE EXECUTIONER MOVED HIS HAND DOWNWARD WITH A DEFT MOTION OF HIS WRIST, ALL OVER THE PRISON, THE CELL BLOCK LIGHTS DIMMED.

HE'S BETTER--HIS?

SO LOW, FELLA...



AFTER EACH DEATH, EDGAR BOWMAN WENT OUT INTO THE NIGHT, WALKING WITH HEAD LOWERED, HIS SOUL, EXULTING...

HE WAS A BAD MAN--HE PAID THE PENALTY! AND I--I WAS FATE'S INSTRUMENT TO BRING HIM TO HIS DOOM!



DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT IT WAS ALWAYS THE SAME.

ENDLESS WRACKLES, EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM! I THOUGHT THIS ONE WOULD BE DIFFERENT, SHE'S SUPPOSED TO BE COLD--INMATE! BUT SHE YELLS JUST LIKE THE REST!

AAAAAAAAHHH!



SHE YELLED--AND SO SHE DIED!



THAT BUT JUST LOVE'S HIS WORK, DOESN'T HE?

I'LL SAY IT WOULDN'T TAKE IT ON A BET--BUT HE GETS FANGLED ON ACCOUNT OF IT!



EDGAR BOWMAN'S FAME SPREAD TO NEARBY STATES. PRISONS SENT HIM INVITATIONS TO ATTEND THEIR EXECUTIONS AS GUEST OF HONOR...



IN THIS STATE WE HAVE A GAS CHAMBER WOULD YOU CARE TO RELEASE THE BAIT?

I CERTAINLY WOULD, BUT IT WILL BE A NEW EXPERIENCE FOR ME!



HMMM, HANGING IS THE METHOD IN THIS STATEMENT?

IT IS? QUICK AND SURE? CARE TO PRESS THE ROPE RELEASE?

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN, THE NAME OF EDGAR BOWMAN BECAME KNOWN. HE WAS A SYMBOL OF JUSTICE? HIS HANDS WERE QUICK AND CERTAIN. HE KILLED CALMLY, QUICKLY! WITH HIM, DEATH WAS A SERVANT TO HIS DESIRES! HE WENT ON THE RADIO, ON TELEVISION...



AND THEN, ONE AFTERNOON IN THE WARDEN'S OFFICE OF THE STATE PRISON...



NOTHING MUCH DOING FOR YOU, EDGAR? NEWS PEOPLE HAVE BEEN REMAINING THEMSELVES LATELY, NO DEATH PENALTIES AT ALL?

THAT WON'T KEEP UP. THERE ARE ALWAYS PEOPLE GOING OFF THEIR TROLLEY! I'M NOT WORRIED!

BUT AS THE DAYS WENT BY...



CARPER JONES--NOT GUILTY? ARTHUR BOWAN--NOT GUILTY? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE JONES, ANYHOW?

NOT GUILTY? NOT GUILTY? TEN MURDERERS IN AS MANY WEEKS--AND ALL OF THEM SET FREE? POOLS? THAT'S WHAT THOSE JONES CONSIST OF--POOLS? WELL, I'M NO POOL!



I KNOW THEY'RE GUILTY!



DEAD BY EXECUTION? IT WAS A  
SIMPLE MATTER TO RIG UP MY WIRES  
SO I COULD FLOOD THAT METAL GATE  
WITH ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO KILL  
A COUPLE MURDERERS!



HE IS ONLY THE FIRST/THERE  
ARE MANY OTHERS THAT DE-  
SERVE TO DIE—AND WILL!



TWO NIGHTS LATER, IN A LITTLE SPORTS CAFE,  
ARTHUR BOWMAN PREPARED FOR BED...



THINK I'LL TAKE A NICE  
WARM SHOWER! IT'LL HELP  
ME SLEEP... LET ME FORGET  
MY MURDER THING...

SAFE...SAFE AT LAST, AFTER ALL THOSE  
MONTHS OF WORRY? I DON'T KNOW WHO  
KILLED JIM—BUT I DON'T! AND THANK  
GOODNESS...THE JURY BELIEVED ME!



BOOOOOOOOOO!



DEAD? ONE MORE HAS PAID THE  
SUPREME PENALTY FOR HIS EVIL!  
BUT THERE ARE OTHERS... MANY  
OTHERS FREED FROM THEIR FATE  
BY A STUPID JURY...



TWO HAVE DIED! BEHOLD,  
FLOOD WAS FREED BY A JURY!  
I WAS THERE MYSELF TO HEAR  
THE TESTIMONY IN HIS CASE!  
BUT HE SHALL NOT ELUDE  
JUSTICE!



IT WAS ON A WILD AND STORMY NIGHT THAT GEORGE FLOOD CLOSED HIS ACCOUNT BOOKS AND WALKED TOWARD HIS LITTLE SUBURBAN HOME.



I GUESS I'M JUST ABOUT THE HAPPIEST MAN IN THE ENTIRE WORLD.



HERE COMES THE HANGMAN NOW!

A SNIP OF WIRE CUTTERS IN REAR TIGHT-GLOVED HANDS—



WHEN THIS LIVE WIRE TOUCHES FLOOD—IN HIS RAIN-WET CLOTHING--IT WILL BE JUST AS EFFECTIVE AS THE ELECTRIC CHAIR HE CREATED!



AAAAGGGHH!



DEATH FOR THE WICKED? HE CREATED DEATH ONCE, BUT IT HAS CLAIMED HIM FOREVER! HE WILL NOT KILL AGAIN!



IN THE POLICE STATIONS, HARD-BOILED DETECTIVES ARE GATHERING TO DISCUSS THE "ELECTRIC DEATH".

EVERYONE'S BEEN KILLED BY ELECTRICITY! GEE, ISN'T IT?

A JURY SAID THEM ALL, YET FATE CONSPIRED TO EXECUTE THEM AFTER ALL!



I'M NOT SO SURE IT WAS FATE! I THINK IT WAS--A MAN!





MAYBE I'M WRONG--BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT! WATCH BETTY BATES? A JURY PLEDGED HER A MORTUARY. IF A MAN IS OUT TO KILL HER--HE'LL TRY SOON!

YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL GUARD HER RIGHT AND O.K.



NEXT DAY, A PLAINCLOTHESMAN TOOK UP HIS POSITION, ALWAYS WITH HIS EYES FASTENED ON THE FORMER PRISONER OF THE LAW.

THAT MAN WITH THE NEWSPAPER IS A DETECTIVE I'VE SEEN HIM AT THE BIG HOUSE LOADS OF TIMES!



THIS EXECUTION WILL HAVE TO BE MY MASTERPIECE! THE POLICE WILL TRY TO STOP ME, BUT I MUST NOT LET THEM! HMMM... THIS WILL REQUIRE SOME THOUGHT...

ON A WIND-SWEPT, STORMY NIGHT SOME WEEKS LATER, BETTY BATES LEAVED HER OFFICE, WAITING FOR HER IS A GUY, DARK AND AID FIGURE...



I'LL BE HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS--A QUICK LEAP AND THEN TO LIFT HER INTO THE WOODEN WATER TROUGH--WHERE HIGH VOLTAGE WIRES WILL ELECTROCUTE HER!

BUT EVEN AS THE EXECUTIONER LEAPED FORWARD, HIDDEN BY DARKNESS AND THE SHADOWS, A BRILLIANT BOAT OF ELECTRICITY--~~LIGHTNING?~~--LIT UP THE SCENE LIKE A BEAM OF SUNLIGHT!



LOOK OUT! THERE'S A MAN THERE!

electric?



IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THAT LIGHTNING...I WOULDN'T HAVE SEEN HIM. UNTIL AFTER HE'D LIFTED MISS BATES...AND TOSSED HER IN THAT ELECTRICALLY TREATED WATER!

SOME MONTHS LATER, IN THE BIG HOUSE, A SCREAMING MAN WAS DROPPED TOWARD THE ELECTRIC GUARD! THERE WAS FRIGHT IN HIS PALLID FEATURES, FEAR IN HIS WRITHING MOUTH...



I--I'M SCARED! I DON'T WANT TO DIE! NO...NOT STOP. STOP. AAAAAHHH!

# ALIBI...ON ICE!

**S**now Trooper Mark Holliday looked down at the body stretched in the snow at his feet. The man had evidently been skiing down treacherous Harpin Turn . . . had momentarily lost control of his skis . . . and had crashed head-on into the gnarled old tree which poked its tremendous girth up out of the snow and ice around it!

"I can't imagine how in the world it could have happened," mumbled the giant of a man standing at the Trooper's elbow. "This turn on the ski slope has a bad reputation. I know . . . but still . . . he claimed to be an **EXPERT** skier! Awful bad **ACCIDENT**!"

Trooper Holliday nodded almost unconsciously to the tall man's speech. Funny thing, he mused. An **EXPERT** skier, this Jack Benson says . . . and yet the man can't stop himself short of such an obvious obstacle as this old tree!

"I just happened to be looking out of the window of the Inn when I saw this guy go shooting down the hill," big Jack Benson was saying, his large St. Bernard's eyes roving over the landscape. "Sure happened sudden . . . an awful tragedy . . . accident like that!"

Trooper Holliday looked down at the dead man. His eyes roved over the figure . . . moved on to the trunk of the tree . . . and then crossed back to the spot where towering Jack Benson

stood, his feet stamping against the snow to keep his toes warm.

"YOU do much skiing, Benson?" asked Holliday. "See any other accidents like the one in all the time you've spent that run up there on the hill?"

Benson's eyes squinted at the State Trooper before he answered. "Can't say as I have. Other . . . first kind like **THIS**!"

Trooper Holliday rubbed his chin, let his hand rest momentarily under his coat. When he brought it out, the fingers were gripped tight around his revolver.

"You better put your hands up, Benson . . . we've got a trip to make to Headquarters!"

Benson started to sputter his innocence, but one look from the Trooper quieted him. "Couple of things don't look like accidents to ME! The bark of the tree where the victim was supposed to crash, for instance," and the Trooper. "If you look closely you'll find it isn't even peeled . . . and yet the man was supposed to hit it hard enough to crack his skull! And his clothing . . . got too much on him, especially for an expert skier! But what points the finger at **YOU**," and the Trooper, as he steered Benson down the snow-covered hillside, "are these skis! The man on the ground is less than five-and-a-half feet tall . . . and these skis are long enough for a giant! A Giant like **YOU**!"

## CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER EXTRA

I have a question that has puzzled me for a while now. I wasn't around in the early 50's, but I have a few original Tales from the Crypt comics and I noticed inside the front cover of them at the bottom it says that "Tales From The Crypt" was formerly "The Crypt of Terror." I have the last "Tales From The Crypt" which was #48 and inside there is an article that says E.C. was not planning to make a #48. Instead they were going to make #45 the last and make a fourth title called "The Crypt of Terror," but because the comic companies felt Tales, Vault and Haunt were a "bad influence" on kids . . . they made a Crypt #48 and ended the 3 titles. What I would like to know is was there ever a "Crypt of Terror" and if not why did they print that "Tales" was formerly "The Crypt of Terror?"

Sincerely,  
Tales From The Crypt's  
#1 Fan,  
Robert Bonneau  
Staten Island NY

EC started a life called INTERNATIONAL COMICS in that with an issue #1. This title was changed later to INTERNATIONAL (Giant PRINTING, and, later, to CRIME PAPER), but the numbering stayed to continue. When the New Trend was launched, that would have been CRIME PAPER, #17 became CRYPT OF TERROR #17. This was actually the first issue of CRYPT, then, despite the lower number. With the fourth issue of CRYPT, the title was changed to TALES FROM THE CRYPT, it's this name which was used for the longest time and under which the comic really ran for stories.

Near the end of the New Trend period, EC was on the verge of starting a KRYPTON horror title, and would have recommenced the name CRYPT OF TERROR for it. That is the comic mentioned in the first issues of CRYPT, HAUNT and BAAH! and featured in a Famous House ad.

However, EC decided to jump the whole New Trend thing and soon released the New CHILLER comic instead. BAAH! and BAAH!, the contents of the advertised THE CRYPT OF TERROR #1 of 1955 was published as the "MAD" and first issue of TALES FROM THE CRYPT.



ABOVE IS THE COVER OF "CRYPT #1" (CRYPT OF TERROR #17, 1955) AS IT APPEARED UPON ORIGINAL RELEASE.

# TELL-TALE MARKS!

Master Coming picked up the telephone and called the Police station. While he held the phone, waiting for the connection to be made, he let his eye rove around the room. He could breathe a little more easily now, he thought to himself, his eye resting for one moment on the trophy case with the metal plate screwed to its top. Matthew Coming, Curator was inscribed in black on the bronze strip.

"Is this the Police station?" he asked the voice on the other end of the line. "This is Matthew Coming, Curator over at the Mid-town Museum and Zoo. I'm afraid there's been a little trouble over here. I think we'll need your assistance!" Coming reached across the desk as he spoke and picked up a vial which contained an oily liquid. He cleared his throat, rolled the vial between his fingers. "The trouble took place just ten minutes ago . . . over in the Snake cage! A man who once worked here wandered in . . . evidently poked around! And now . . . we've got a corpse on our hands!"

It had gone off precisely as he had planned it, Coming thought to himself as he dropped the vial into his coat pocket. That meddlesome Smith had come back today as he had promised. All set to tell the authorities about that bit of trouble Coming had with the low years

below. Unless, of course, Coming could make it worth his while to be quiet about the episode. And so he had made preparations to welcome Smith . . . something in the way of a farewell party, he thought to himself with a chuckle! The snakes . . . they had been the surest way out of the difficulty! Who could question the death of a man who had stumbled into a cage-full of poisonous serpents?

\* \* \* \* \*

The Detective stared down at the body of the man which the Zoo attendants had dragged out of the Snake Cage. The clothing around the shoulders was torn and shredded . . . and deep in the man's throat were two tiny punctures, which were beginning to turn black! Nasty thing, thought the Detective . . . to be killed that way by the bite of a poisonous snake! He stooped closer to the corpse, and then he straightened out, his pencil point tapping against the glass top of the Curator's desk.

"Anybody else around when you heard the noise from the Cage?" the Detective asked Coming.

"Nobody that I know of, Coming answered, his fingertips rubbing against the vial in his coat-pocket. "I guess we were alone here . . . just the two of us . . . and a cage-full of SNAKES!"

"Those marks are curious," the Detective said, his pencil tapping. "I remember reading something recently about snakes. Seems they very rarely will bite a man above the knee . . . certainly not as high up as the throat! And the reason is simple . . . no snake is large enough to arch its back and reach much higher than a foot-and-a-half off the ground!"

Coming gulped. He could feel his palm moist against the vial in his pocket.

"Those punctures undoubtedly contained snake venom," the Detective was saying, but Coming could no longer hear him very distinctly. "But I don't think they were administered by a snake's fangs! Perhaps YOU can tell us how they WERE administered, Master Coming . . . down at Headquarters!"



PRIVATE DETECTIVE JACK WILKINSON DECIDES TO  
TO ESCAPE FROM THE TURMOIL OF HIS OFFICE  
AND HOME BY TAKING HIS WIFE TO A SMALL  
FAMILY HOTEL IN WHICH HE IS CERTAIN HE CAN-  
NOT BE REACHED! BUT HE WALKS HEAD-ON INTO  
TROUBLE WHEN HE ENTERS ROOM 404, WHICH  
CONTAINS....

# THE CORPSE NOBODY KNEW



THE LOBBY OF THE MAJESTIC HOTEL...

HERE'S THE KEY,  
SIR...ROOM 404!  
I'LL HAVE A BELL-  
BOY...

DON'T NEED ONE,... THANKS  
JUST THE SAME! ME AND THE  
WIFE'LL JUST SHUT UP TO THE  
ROOM BY OURSELVES! NO OTHER  
...NO FUSS!



MADE IT! A PHONEY NAME  
AT THE DESK... NOW THE  
OFFICE'LL NEVER BE  
ABLE TO FIND ME!

YOU JUST STRETCH  
OUT ON THE BED, JACK.  
WHILE I HAVE A COUPLE  
OF DRESSER IN THE  
CLOSET....





EASER SAID THAN SOME? HE'S NOT AROUND. SAID HE HAD TO LEAVE RATHER SUDDENLY... OUT-OF-TOWN TRIP. BE BACK IN A DAY-OR-SO? BEEN ACTING RATHER FUNNY LATELY... FOLLOW ME!



JUST A HUNCH OF MINE... THING MAYBE HE STARTED OUT TO COMMIT A LITTLE IMMORAL LASCIVIOUS HERE IN THE HOTEL VAULT... AND THOSE WENT WRONG!



THE PLACE IT'S BEEN TURNED UP-SIDE-DOWN!



YEP! JUST AS I THOUGHT! THE PLACE HAS BEEN NOBBED... BY SOME OTHER THAN PAUL WINSLOW... THE MANAGER OF THE MAJESTIC HOTEL?

NOW WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL THE POLICE! LUCKY THING I HAPPENED TO LEARN THAT WINSLOW WAS PLANNING TO LEAVE TOWN... EVEN KNOWING WHICH PLANE HE PLANS TO TAKE? THE SGP'LL LOVE ME FOR IT!



THE COMMISSIONER MAY EVEN KISS YOU!



POLICE? THIS IS BILL RIEKER... DETROIT-ONE OVER AT THE MAJESTIC? ABOUT THAT UNIDENTIFIED MURDER VICTIM... HERE'S A CLUE! PAUL WINSLOW, MANAGER OF THE HOTEL, PLANNED TO TAKE THE TWO-THIRTY PLANE THIS AFTERNOON TO CHICAGO! RATHER SUDDENLY, TOO?



THE PORDERIOUS MACHINERY WHICH DEALS WITH LAW AND ORDER BEGAN TO FUNCTION IMMEDIATELY...

CALLING SQUADGARS EIGHT TO THIRTEEN EIGHT TO THIRTEEN? VISIT ALL THE AIRLINE OFFICES IN TOWN? GET INFO ON A PAUL WINSLOW... SUPPOSED TO HAVE LEFT BY PLANE AT TWO-THIRTY! URGENT!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT, UP IN ROOM 808...



I HOPE JACK GETS BACK SOON. I DON'T LIKE TO BE LEFT ALONE LIKE THIS! AWFULLY BORED HERE... I'D BETTER OPEN THE WINDOW...



JACK DOESN'T WANT ME TO STRAY OUT OF THE ROOM...SO I'LL HAVE TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT! UNFORTUNATELY THIS WINDOW IS BRUT SOLID!



NO WONDER I COULDN'T BRUSH THE WINDOW. SOMEONE JAMMED PIECES OF PAPER INTO THE FRAME! 3-DAY...MAYBE *JACK* WILL GIVE SOME CLUE TO THE IDENTITY OF THE GUY THERE ON THE FLOOR!



W-WHAT...IT'S A RECEIPT FROM THE STREET-WALKER CAMERA COMPANY! FOR ONE OF THOSE PHOTOS THEIR CAMERAMEN TAKE ALL OVER THE CITY...YOU BRING IN THE RECEIPT AND THEY DEVELOP THE PICTURE WHICH CORRESPONDS TO THE NUMBER ON THE RECEIPT THEY HAND YOU!



HERE COMES JACK...WITH SOMEONE WHO LOOKS LIKE A GUY I'LL SASHAY DOWN TO THAT PHOTO OUTFIT...GET THE PICTURE DEVELOPED! *JACK* MAY TELL US WHO THE VICTIM IS!



FIVE BLOCKS AWAY, FIVE MINUTES LATER...

IT'D LIKE TO HAVE THIS DEVELOPED...

YOU BET, MA'AM...HAVE IT READY IN A JIFFY! JUST BRAB A SEAT...IT WON'T TAKE LONG!



HERE IT IS! LADY, ALL DEVELOPED AND PRINTED! AND IT'S A BEAUTY...CLEAR AS CRYSTAL! LOOKY THE CAMERA THAT TOOK IT HAD BEEN TURNED IN FOR THE DAY...OTHER-WISE YOU MIGHT HAVE HAD TO WAIT FOR A WHILE!

Y-YES...I JUST HAND IT OVER!



NO DUB! I KNOW...BUT MAYBE IT'LL HELP JACK ON THE POLICE FIND OUT WHO THAT IS THERE ON THE FLOOR! *JACK* MAY BE THE CLUE THAT SMASHED THE CASE!

WHILE BACK AT THE MAJESTIC HOTEL...

SECURED EVERY INCH OF THE ROOM, WENT OVER THE BODY AND CLOTHING WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB. NOT A CLUE AS TO WHO IT IS! AND THE BODY'S BEEN SO BADLY BATTERED...PROBABLY THE GUY'S OWN MOTHER WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE HIM!



EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN HALL. I DON'T LIKE TO BUIT IN ON THE POLICE...BUT MAYBE *JOSE* WILL HELP! SINCE THE SAFE WAS ROBBED, AND ONLY WINSLOW KNEW THE COMBINATION, THIS MAN MAY HAVE BEEN KILLED BECAUSE HE SAID WINSLOW IN THE ACT OF ROBBERY?



GUY'S HALL...HERE'S THAT INFO ON THE AIRPLANE! YOU WANTED? JUST CAME INTO THE NEAREST STATION HOUSE OVER THE TICKET?

NEVER MIND THE LONG STORY...WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN?



HE DROVE INTO THE TRANS-NATION AIRLINES AT 2:00-04 30...BOUGHT A TICKET ON THE 2:05 PLANE TO CHICAGO, REGISTERED AS PAUL WINSLOW OF THIS CITY! NO CHECK YET AS TO WHETHER HE ACTUALLY GOT ON THE PLANE!

HMM



I GUESS YOU ALL OVERHEARD THAT DELICATE STAGE-WHISPER OF MY ASSISTANT'S? IT WAS SO-GAET IN HERE YOU COULD HEAR AN EARS-DROPP IF WINSLOW IS ON THAT PLANE, HE'LL BE Picked UP AS SOON AS IT LANDS! UNTIL THEN...WE'LL JUST WAIT?



SEEMS LIKE AN OPEN-AND-SHUT CASE TO ME, CAPTAIN...EVEN THOUGH NO ONE'S ASKING MY OPINION!

MAY BE...MAY BE...



W-WHAT IS THIS A *WIFE*?

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, MY FINE FEATHER-BRAINED FRIEND? AND WHAT IS THAT YOU'VE GOT IN YOUR HAND?







IN THE DENSE FORESTS OF EASTERN EUROPE, THERE GROWS A WILD PLANT CALLED WOLFS-BANE. LEGEND HAS IT THAT ANY HUMAN WHO COMES IN CONTACT WITH ITS THORNS WILL BECOME A WEREWOLF, AND SUFFER THE...

# CURSE OF THE FULL MOON!



THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON. THE BUILDINGS OF GOTHAM ARE STEEPED IN A DREDDING RAIN AND A HEAVY FOG BLANKETS THE CITY, FORMING DENSE PATTERNS IN THE NIGHT.



BETWEEN LIGHTNING FLASHES, A FIGURE RUNS THE LENGTH OF A STREET... DARTS TO THE DOORWAY OF A BUILDING AND FRANTICALLY HANGERS ON THE DOORING WAITS NERVOUSLY... NERVOUSLY BECAUSE TONIGHT... IS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON...





"REMEMBER HOW WE STOPPED OFF AT THAT LITTLE VILLAGE IN HUNGARY? WE STAYED SEVERAL DAYS... ONCE GOING FOR A WALK IN THE FOREST... REMEMBER?"



"We thought little of the event and returned to the inn after a glorious dinner. We retired to the room we shared and went to bed. That was my last restful night, George. For as we awoke the next morning, we found the inn a hubbub of excitement... and fear!"



**WEREWOLF?**  
 WHY, THAT'S  
 HORRIBLE!

NOT POSSIBLE,  
 HERE DOCTOR?  
 IT HAS HAPPENED  
 BEFORE? COME, I  
 WILL EXPLAIN...



THE WOODS SURROUNDING THE  
 VILLAGE ARE INFESTED WITH A  
 WILD PLANT CALLED **WOLFS-  
 BANE!** LEGEND SAYS THAT  
 ANYONE WHO TOUCHES IT WILL  
 TURN INTO A WOLF ON THE  
 NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON.  
**LAST NIGHT, THE MOON  
 WAS FULL!**



SEE... HERE, IN THIS BOOK, IS A  
 PICTURE OF THE PLANT OF  
 WHICH I SPEAK!  
 WE HAVE NOT  
 DESTROYED IT  
 BECAUSE NO  
 ONE WILL SO  
 NEAR IT...



WOLF? WHY,  
 THAT'S THE  
 SAME PLANT  
 I SCRAWLED  
 ON **DR. MOE!**

MANY TIMES BEFORE  
 THIS HAS OCCURRED,  
 HERE DOCTOR... I...  
 HERE DOCTOR, IS  
 SOMETHING WRONG  
 WITH YOUR FRIEND?  
 HE DOES NOT LOOK  
 WELL...

RIGHT?... OH, BALPH! WHY,  
 I... EH... I SUSPECT YOUR  
 STORY HAS UPSET HIM!  
 I'M SURE HE'LL BE  
 ALL RIGHT!



"I CLIMBED THE STAIRS TO OUR ROOM, SECURE,  
 IN A TRANCE... COMPLETELY COLD GREAT BEADED  
 MY BODY... **WOULD IT BE? I HAD TO KNOW!**"

I'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE... SEARCHED EVERY-  
 THING! I CAN'T FIND A THING TO CONNECT ME  
 WITH THAT GOD'S DEATH... **WHAT? MY TRENCH-COAT?**



MMH... NO, NOTHING HERE TO... **WAIT, WHAT'S THIS?**  
 A REDDISH STRIP... LIKE... LIKE **BLOOD!**... AND  
 SHORT CURLY HAIR? **GOD'S HAIR?** OH, NO...



THIS... THIS MEANS  
 I AM A **WEREWOLF!**  
 I AM! I AM!





I MUST KEEP CALM... THINK! GOT TO REMOVE THESE STAINS! WASH THEM AWAY... GOT TO...



RALPH? WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU ALL RIGHT? YOU ALL RIGHT?

OH... ER, YES, YES, GEORGE, I'M FINE... JUST WASHING SOME... ER... SOME DIRT OFF MY COAT!



'FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT YOU KNEW! BUT YOU SAID NOTHING AND I BREATHE EASIER! WE LEFT FOR LONDON THAT AFTERNOON.

WE'LL STOP OFF AT BRUSSELS AND PARIS FOR AWHILE, ER RALPH? QUARTY TO BE IN LONDON IN ABOUT TWO WEEKS!

YES, GEORGE...



'BUT YOU WERE WRONG, GEORGE? IN TWO WEEKS, WE HAD ONLY REACHED PARIS!

HURRY UP, RALPH! GOT A BIG NIGHT OF FUN AHEAD! WE'RE GOING TO SEE THE POLICE REMOTE...

OHAY, GEORGE... BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE!

"GAY, EXCITING PARIS! THE THRILLING, PULSATING NIGHT LIFE, COUPLED WITH THE WINE AND CIGARETTE ATMOSPHERE INDUCED US TO PROLONG OUR STAY...



"MY FEARS HAD ALMOST DISAPPEARED... ALMOST, BUT NOT QUITE! FOR SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER A RAGING WEREWOLF ROAMED THE STREETS,



"I WROTE THE NEXT DAY TO FACE THE SHOCKING FACTS OF THE SLAMING MORNING HEADLINES..."

"YOUR WOMAN BRUTALLY SLAIN! BODY MUTILATED AS IF ATTACKED BY WILD ANIMAL!... ONE EYE MISSING! ONE EAR MISSING! ONE EAR!"



"I QUICKLY DRESSED, AND DISPOSED OF THE BLOODY SHOE BY THROWING IT DOWN AN INCINERATOR CHUTE! WHEN I RETURNED TO OUR ROOM, GEORGE, YOU WERE THERE..."

GEORGE, I WANT TO LEAVE PARIS RIGHT AWAY! WE...WE'VE BEEN HERE LONG ENOUGH!...I DON'T WANT TO STAY ANY...ANY LONGER!

WHY, RALPH? I THOUGHT YOU WERE HAVING A GOOD TIME? BUT, IF YOU WANT TO LEAVE, IT'S UP TO YOU!



"AS OUR CAR DIED TOWARD THE COAST OF FRANCE, I FOUGHT TO KEEP FROM BEING ENGULFED BY THE FEAR THAT SEETHED WITHIN ME..."

HOW I KNOW I'M SURE? BUT WHAT CAN I DO? HOW CAN I STOP MYSELF? HOW CAN I STOP? MAYBE WHEN I'M OUT OF THIS COUNTRY...YES, MAYBE THEN I'LL BE ALL RIGHT AGAIN.



"AT LE HAVRE, WE HAD TO WAIT TILL THE FOLLOWING DAY BEFORE BOARDING A SHIP TO CROSS THE CHANNEL TO ENGLAND. BUT EVEN WITH PARIS FAR BEHIND, I WAS AFRAID. LONDON WAS SMOTHERED IN FOG WHEN HE ARRIVED THAT NIGHT, AND MIST LISTENED ON THE PARADES OF THE DARK STREETS..."

WELL, RALPH, I'VE BOOKED PASSAGE FOR US ON THE "QUEEN"! HE LEAVES FOR HOME NEXT MONTH! THAT'S NOT TOO LONG A WAIT...IS IT?

NEXT MONTH? NO...NO, GEORGE...THAT'S NOT TOO LONG!



"THE MOON'S WAY ACROSS THE SKYDOME AND THE WEEKS PASSED QUICKLY, SILENTLY...UNTIL A FEW DAYS BEFORE WE WERE TO SAIL! FOR IT WAS A NIGHT OF A FULL MOON, AND THE WEREWOLF STALKED AGAIN!"



"AND AS USUAL, THE SAME BROOKLYN FEAR COURSED THROUGH ME AS I LEARNED OF THE TERRIBLE INCIDENT THE FOLLOWING MORNING."

EARLY THIS MORNING, POLICE FOUND THE HORRIBLY TORN AND MUTILATED BODY OF ARTHUR KREEK, BELLBOY OF THE LEADER SQUARE HOTEL...



...POLICE AND SPECULATORS ON THE THEORY THAT THIS MAY BE THE WORK OF ANOTHER "WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING"! THE BELLBOY WAS STILL IN HIS WORK UNIFORM WHEN FOUND, AND ONLY HIS HAT IS MISSING! NO CLUE'S NAME...



"I DREADED WHAT I KNEW I WOULD FIND... PROOF POSITIVE AGAIN THAT I HAD KILLED!" I FOUND IT IN MY COAT POCKET... THE CRUMPLED, BLOODSTAINED BELLBOY'S HAT!



...AND THAT'S MY STORY, GEORGE? WE MAILED SEVERAL DAYS LATER AND DECIDED HERE IN NEW YORK ABOUT THREE WEEKS AGO! HOW YOU KNOW WHY I'VE COME TO YOU, GEORGE? THIS IS THE NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON... AND I'M TERRIFIED!



YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME THIS BEFORE, RALPH! BUT, IT'S NOT TOO LATE. YOU SEE, THIS IS ALL IN YOUR MIND! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO PHYSICALLY TURN INTO A WOLF! YOU MERELY *THINK* THAT!



CERTAINLY! THE BELIEF THAT PEOPLE CAN ASSUME THE APPEARANCE AND CHARACTERISTICS OF A WOLF IN AN INSTANT ONE! BUT, BELIEVE ME, IT IS IMPOSSIBLE! TRUE, TALENTED LYONARTHOPE DOGS EVER TODAY IN SAVAGE OR SEMI-CIVILIZED RACES, BUT IT IS NOW REGARDED AS A FORM OF INSANITY! AND IT IS CHARACTERIZED BY ABNORMAL DESIRES FOR CERTAIN FOODS INCLUDING HUMAN FLESH!



YOU... YOU'RE SAYING I'M... I'M NOT A WEREWOLF?... BUT... BUT THAT I'M... I'M INSANE??





RALPH, MY BOY,  
YOU'RE *NOT* A  
WEREWOLF...  
AND YOU'RE  
*NOT* INSANE!

GEORGE... I...  
I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND...  
2... 2...



LOOK OUT THE  
WINDOW! DOES  
THE MOON HAVE  
ANY EFFECT ON  
YOU? DOES IT  
*DOES IT?*

N... NO...  
NO, GEORGE!  
2... I FEEL  
PERFECTLY  
NORMAL...  
BUT... BUT...



WHAT ABOUT THE EVIDENCE, GEORGE? WHAT ABOUT THE BELLBOY'S HAIR, THE WOMAN'S BLOOD? CAN YOU EXPLAIN AWAY THE DOG'S BLOOD SWEARS ON MY COAT? CAN YOU?



YES... YES, I CAN! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SIMPLE FOR SOMEONE TO PLANT THE HAIR, THE HAIR, FOR YOU TO FIND... SIMPLE IF SOMEONE WERE CLOSE TO YOU... SOMEONE ABLE TO GET AND WEAR YOUR COAT? SOMEONE... PERHAPS... WHO SHARED YOUR ROOM?

WH... WHAT? SOMEONE... SURELY... *REGRET?* YOU MEAN...



YES, RALPH, YES! I'M THE WEREWOLF! I KILLED THOSE PEOPLE! I DID IT!



... AND NOW I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!!



THE HORRIFIED SCREAM OF A MAN IN THE MOMENTS OF DEATH PERCEIVES THE NIGHT'S STILLNESS. ABOVE THE WET, DESERTED STREET, THE FULL MOON IS THE ONLY WITNESS...

THE  
END



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WE DARE YOU TO READ!

I'VE SEEN PLenty  
OF *STIFFS* IN MY YEARS  
AROUND THIS PLACE...BUT THIS  
IS THE FIRST ONE THAT HAS EVER  
REALLY AFFECTED ME! THERE'S  
SOMETHING *WEIRD* AND  
FRIGHTENING ABOUT  
IT!

CITY  
MORGUE

JOHN  
CRAIG

**IN THIS ISSUE:**  
THEY FOUND HIM IN A BACK  
ALLEY AND BROUGHT HIM TO  
THE CITY MORGUE...AN UN  
IDENTIFIED CADAVER! BUT  
THEY DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS A  
**LIVING CORPSE!**

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RCP VAULT #4



RCP VAULT #5



EAST COAST #11



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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

SO, WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR READER! WELCOME ONCE MORE TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! THIS TIME, I HAVE DUG DEEP INTO MY COLLECTION OF BLOOD-CURDLING TALES TO FIND A STORY THAT I'M SURE WILL TERRIFY YOU! THIS HAIR-RAISER I CALL...

## THE MAESTRO'S HAND!



MY STORY BEGINS JUST OUTSIDE OF A DESERTED LOG CABIN IN A LONELY STRETCH OF WOODS! DOCTOR EMANUEL HELLMAN APPROACHES OVER AN OVERGROWN TRAIL...



AH! AT LAST... I AM HERE! NOW I WILL BE ABLE TO *REST*, AND FORGET THE HORRORS OF THESE LAST FEW MONTHS!

AS THE DOCTOR UNLOCKS THE LONG-SEALED DOOR, HIS EYES FALL UPON...



WHAT THE...? A *PACKAGE*! ADDRESSED TO *ME*! BUT... WHO... WHO *KNEW* I WAS COMING HERE?

I WONDER WHAT IT CAN BE? BR-R-R-R! IT'S COLD! I'LL START A FIRE, FIRST!



AS THE GLOW OF THE FIRE PERCES THE DIM INTERIOR OF THE CABIN, DR. HELLMAN SINKS WEARILY INTO A CHAIR...



I CAN'T GET VIRGINIA OUT OF MY MIND! OH... WHY... WHY DID SHE *KILL* HERSELF?

AS THE FLAMES OF THE FIRE LEAP HIGHER... AND ITS WARMTH SPREADS THROUGH THE CABIN... DR. EMANUEL HELLMAN SITS STARING INTO ITS DANCING LIGHT...



I REMEMBER IT AS IF IT WERE YESTERDAY... THE NIGHT IT ALL BEGAN...

YES, DOCTOR HELLMAN! YOU REMEMBER IT *WELL*! YOU HAD TAKEN YOUR FIANCEE, VIRGINIA CADDY, TO HEAR THE GREAT VLADIMIR BORRSTEIN PLAY... AND AS THE PIANO MUSIC GREW AND SWELLED TO ITS STIRRING CRESCENDO...



OH, MANNY! HE... HE'S *WONDERFUL*!

HE PLAYS WELL, VIRGINIA!

YOU SAT THERE AND WATCHED VIRGINIA, AS THE CONCERT WENT ON! SHE LISTENED, ENTHRALLED... AND WHEN IT WAS OVER... SHE STOOD UP TO APPLAUD...



WE MUST GO BACKSTAGE TO MEET HIM, MANNY DEAR! HE'S... *MAGNIFICENT*!

REALLY, VIRGINIA...

YOU OBJECTED, OR HELLMAN... BUT IN THE END, YOU JOINED THE GROUP OF ADMIRERS CROWDED AROUND MAESTRO BORRSTEIN! VIRGINIA WORKED HER WAY FORWARD... AND THEN... THEIR EYES MET...

BRAVO, MR. BORRSTEIN! YOU PLAYED... SUPERBLY!

WHY, THANK YOU SO MUCH, MISS... MISS...



CADDY! VIRGINIA CADDY! I WANT SO MUCH TO TALK TO YOU AGAIN... ABOUT YOUR MUSIC! WILL YOU CALL ME? I'M IN THE BOOK!

DELIGHTED O... MISS CADDY! DELIGHTED!



...THAT'S HOW IT BEGAN! WHEN I SAW HER SMILE AT HIM LIKE THAT, I FELT MY FACE GROW HOT... AS NOW, FROM THE HEAT OF THE FIRE!



YES, DR. HELLMAN! THAT WAS THE BEGINNING... THE BEGINNING OF THE END! THEY SAW EACH OTHER MUCH AFTER THAT NIGHT...

WHY, VLADIMIR! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU PAINTED!

A LITTLE! DO YOU LIKE IT?



LIKED IT? SHE LOVED IT! SHE WAS MAD ABOUT ANYTHING HE DID! SHE HAD ALWAYS ADMIRING GENIUS... CREATIVE ABILITY! BORRSTEIN WAS THE ANSWER... THE TYPE OF MAN VIRGINIA COULD...

YES, EMANUEL! I LOVE HIM! WE ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED!

BUT... VIRGINIA!



SHE GAVE YOU BACK HER RING! YOU... THE GREAT DOCTOR HELLMAN... THE RENOWNED SURGEON...

IT'S MERELY AN INFATUATION, VIRGINIA! YOU ARE NOT IN LOVE WITH HIM! YOU ARE IN LOVE WITH HIS TALENTS... A DREAM!

THEN MAY I NEVER AWAKEN, EMANUEL!



SHE WILL COME BACK TO ME! SHE WILL COME BACK TO ME... SHE WILL... SHE MUST! I'LL MAKE HER FORGET HIM IF I HAVE TO...



AH, DEAR READER! WHAT EVILS MEN WILL COMMIT FOR THE LOVE OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN? AND DR. HELLMAN WAS NO EXCEPTION! HIS CHANGE CAME ONE NIGHT WHEN...



JUST LIKE THE NURSERY RHYME ABOUT THE SPIDER AND THE FLY, EH, DOCTOR? THEY CAME TO YOU...THE FOOLS!



HIS HAND...HIS WONDERFUL HAND FROM WHICH SUCH BEAUTIFUL MUSIC FLOWED! HOW YOU HATED IT! HOW YOU HATED WHAT IT HAD DONE TO YOU...AND YOUR LOVE!



IT WAS A BAD SLASH! BUT... NOT NEARLY BAD ENOUGH TO WARRANT WHAT YOU HAD IN MIND...



I AM GOING TO GIVE YOU A KYPPO, MR. BORRSTEIN! IT WILL STOP THE PAIN AND MAKE YOU SLEEP!



THEN...YOU SENT VIRGINIA HOME...

HE...HE SEVERED AN ARTERY! I'VE GIVEN HIM A SEDATIVE! I HAVE A TOURNEQUET ON, NOW! THERE'S NO NEED FOR YOU TO WAIT AROUND...IT WILL BE HOURS BEFORE HE AWAKENS!



SHE LEFT AND YOU WENT BACK INTO YOUR OFFICE... TO THE INSTRUMENT CABINET...

HE'LL NEVER  
PLAY AGAIN...

YES, DOCTOR HELLMAN! YOU REMEMBER IT WELL! IN FACT YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT... EVER! THE BLOOD... THE TEARING FLESH... THE SAWING OF THE BONE... AND THEN...

IT... GASP... IS  
DONE!

YOU DIDN'T SLEEP WELL AFTER THAT, DID YOU, DOCTOR? BORRSTEIN, DOWNSTAIRS... UNDER THE ANESTHETIC... AND YOU IN YOUR SWEATY BED...



MY HAND! WHERE IS  
MY HAND?

EASY, BORRSTEIN! EASY!  
IT COULDN'T BE HELPED!  
THE BLEEDING... IT WOULDN'T  
STOP... NOT EVEN A TOURNI-  
QUET... AND THE GANGRENE...  
I HAD TO DO IT... TO  
SAVE YOUR ARM!

I SHALL NEVER PLAY AGAIN!  
NEVER! NEVER!  
SOS... SOS...

HERE, TAKE THIS,  
BORRSTEIN! IT  
WILL MAKE YOU  
SLEEP!

YOU DID THIS TO ME! YOU CUT MY HAND  
OFF ON PURPOSE! YOU HATE ME BECAUSE  
I TOOK VIRGINIA FROM YOU... AND NOW  
YOU'VE TAKEN REVENGE! I  
CURSE YOU... I CURSE YOU...  
WITH THE HAND YOU CUT  
FROM ME...

BORRSTEIN...  
WAIT!  
YOU'RE IN  
NO CONDITION  
TO LEAVE...

IN THE MORNING, HE WAS DEAD! YOU READ IT IN THE PAPERS! VLADIMIR BORRSTEIN HAD JUMPED IN FRONT OF A SUBWAY TRAIN... MANGLED BEYOND RECOGNITION! THEN... SHE CAME...

VIRGINIA!

HE TOLD ME WHAT YOU DID TO  
HIM... HE CALLED ME BEFORE HE  
KILLED HIMSELF! I HATE YOU!  
YOU'RE EVIL... I HATE YOU  
HATE YOU... HATE YOU!



AND THEN, *SHE* KILLED HERSELF...  
AND YOU CAME HERE, DOCTOR, TO THIS  
LONELY CABIN... TO FORGET!



SLOWLY, DOCTOR HELLMAN UNWRAPS  
THE PARCEL! INSIDE IS A SMALL  
BOX... AND AS HE OPENS IT...



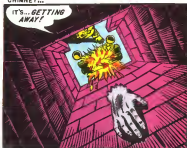
SWIFTLY, LIKE A CAT, THE HAND  
SPRINGS FROM THE BOX... TO HIS  
THROAT...



SUMMONING ALL HIS STRENGTH, DOCTOR HELLMAN  
TEARS AT THE HAND CLUTCHING HIS THROAT, AND  
WRENCHES IT FROM HIM!



BUT EVEN AS HE WATCHES, THE HAND, SINGED AND  
BLACK, JUMPS FROM THE FIRE AND SCURRIES UP THE  
CHIMNEY...



I CAN HEAR IT... GLATTERING OVER THE ROOF!  
THE DOORS! THE WINDOWS! I'VE GOT  
TO LOCK IT OUT!



AND EVEN AS HE WATCHES FROM THE WINDOW, DOCTOR  
HELLMAN CAN SEE THE HAND MOVING ABOUT IN THE  
GRASS NEAR THE HOUSE...



THE MINUTES BECOME HOURS... AND DOCTOR HELLMAN SITS, TERRIFIED, IN A CHAIR...



BUT AS THE HOURS DRAG ON... DOCTOR HELLMAN'S EYES, HEAVY WITH SLEEP... CLOSE! SUDDENLY... THE ROOM IS FILLED WITH MUSIC... PIANO MUSIC!



CAUTIOUSLY, DOCTOR HELLMAN SLIPS TOWARD THE PIANO... AND THEN HE SEES IT...



QUICKLY HE STUMBLES ACROSS THE ROOM... AND FALLING ON HIS KNEES BEFORE THE FIRE, HE THRUSTS THE SQUIRMING HAND INTO IT...



AS THE HUNGRY FLAMES LICK DOCTOR HELLMAN'S FINGERS, AND HE BECOMES CONSCIOUS OF THE PAIN... HE RELAXES HIS GRIP ON THE WRITHING HAND...



THE HAND DARTS ACROSS THE FLOOR...RUNNING ON ITS FINGERS...THE STUMP OF THE WRIST RAISED!



BUT AS DOCTOR HELLMAN STAGGERS AFTER THE SCAMPERING HAND...



SUDDENLY THE HAND TURNS AND SPRINGS AT THE DOCTOR'S THROAT...



VAINLY, DOCTOR HELLMAN STRUGGLES, TRYING TO PULL THE HAND FROM ITS STRANGLE HOLD ON HIS THROAT...



BUT, AFTER A WHILE, HIS STRENGTH EBBS...AND THE DOCTOR'S GRIP RELAXES! HE IS DEAD FROM STRANGULATION!



A FEW DAYS LATER, WHEN THE GARETAKER DISCOVERS HIS BODY... AND CALLS THE POLICE...

QUEEREST THING I EVER SAW!  
THE GUY CHOKED HIMSELF TO  
DEATH! LOOK AT THE GRIP  
HE'S GOT ON HIS OWN NECK!



AND THAT'S THE STORY, DEAR READER!  
THE "HAND" WAS IN DOCTOR HELLMAN'S  
OWN MIND! THAT'S WHAT HE GOT FOR  
COMMITTING SUCH AN UNDERHANDED



TRICK! GRIPPING  
TALE, WASN'T IT!  
WELL, IF YOU CAN  
STAND IT, THERE ARE  
MORE STORIES FROM  
MY COLLECTION FOL-  
LOWING THIS ONE!  
TAKE A GOOD HOLD  
OF YOURSELF...HEH-  
HEH...AND READ ON!

IF YOU LIKE THIS STORY AND THE OTHER  
STORIES IN THIS BOOK, WON'T YOU  
WRITE ME? ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO:  
CRYPT  
RUSS COCHRAN  
POB 489  
WEST PLAINS, MO 65775

ON FOG-SHROUDED NIGHTS, IN THE LONELIEST OF PLACES, STRANGE HORRORS WALK--UNSEEN AND UNKNOWN TO MORTALS! BUT SOMETIMES...SOMETIMES THE BARRIER OF TERROR LIFTS SLIGHTLY AND WEIRD THINGS ENTER THE CITIES OF MAN! SUCH A THING WAS...



JED BRYANT'S JOB AS ATTENDANT AT THE MORGUE WAS NOT WHAT ONE WOULD CALL PLEASANT, BUT JED WAS GETTING OLD, AND THE WORK WAS EASY...



THE MEN LEFT, AND QUIET REIGNED, BROKEN ONLY BY THE TICK-TOCK OF THE CLOCK... BUT BEHIND JED'S BACK A GRISLY SCENE WAS BEING ENACTED.



SUDDENLY THE DEATHLY STILLNESS WAS BROKEN BY A WEIRD BUBBLING SCREAM FROM THE LONG-DEAD CORPSE! ICY FINGERS CLUTCHED AT JED'S THROAT...



NO! DON'T TOUCH ME GUGGGH!!



JED'S STRAINING HEART POUNDED UMMER-CIFULLY AS THE TERRIBLE CLAMMY HANDS SQUEEZED HIS THROAT! AS HE SANK DOWN INTO STYDIA DEPTHS HE GASPED... AIR... AIR...



SLOWLY CONSCIOUSNESS CAME AS JED RETURNED FROM THE VERY BRINK OF MADNESS! HIS THROBBING EYES WILDLY SEARCHED THE ROOM. THE CORPSE WAS GONE!



MY THROAT--GASP! OH, THE PAIN... WATER... WATER!



A LIVING CORPSE... D-H-H! MY HAIR... MY HAIR! GOOD HEAVENS, I'M GOING MAD! MAD!



NO ONE MUST FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED! THEY'LL THINK I STOLE THE CORPSE! THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE THIS WILD STORY! I'D LOSE MY JOB! WITH THE ENTRY TORN OUT THERE'LL BE NO RECORD OF THE BODY AT ALL!



THE WALK HOME FROM THE JOB WAS A NIGHTMARE! JED CONSTANTLY PEERED OVER HIS SHOULDER AS THE SIMPLE SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT ASSUMED WEIRD AND FANTASTIC FORMS

I SEE *THINGS*! THEY'RE NOT REAL... THEY CAN'T BE!



CAN'T GET OVER THE FEELING SOMETHING'S FOLLOWING ME! THE PLACE IS SO DARK!



AM! THAT'S BETTER! I'LL GET RIGHT TO BED!



THE HORRIBLE MONSTERS THAT HAUNTED JED'S DREAMS LEFT HIM WEAK AND EXHAUSTED! HOW COULD HE FACE THE NEXT NIGHT'S WORK?



NO PRISONER WALKING THE LAST MILE EVER DROGGED HIS STEPS MORE THAN JED! FALTERING AND TREMBLING HE ENTERED THE MORGUE...



GOTTA KEEP MY MIND ON MY WORK! CHECK THESE BODIES! LOOK AT THIS POOR MAN! GUESS THIS JOB'S BEGINNING TO GET ME DOWN!



HERE'S ONE MUST'VE COME JUST BEFORE I GOT HERE! GUESS I BETTER TAKE A LOOK BEFORE I SHOVE IT IN THE REFRIGERATOR!





THE SHOCK OF ANOTHER CORPSE COMING TO LIFE BEFORE HIS EYES WAS TOO MUCH FOR JED! DARKNESS ENVELOPED HIM AS THE CORPSE'S SHARP TALONS OF DEATH SANK INTO HIS FLESH.



THWARTED AT HIS IN-HUMAN LABORS AND SHAKING AT THE INTRUSION, THE MONSTER SLIPPED INTO THE SHADOWS.



BUT I CAN'T SEE A DOCTOR! HOW CAN I TELL ANYONE WHAT HAPPENED? I'M ALL ALONE...AND I'M SCARED! THAT THING, IT MAY BE FOLLOWING ME!



THE PERSON OF THE YEAR  
**SATANUS & DESREE**  
MAGICIANS EXTRAORDINAIRE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I REGRET THAT MY PARTNER, THE BEAUTIFUL DESIREE, WILL NOT BE ABLE TO APPEAR TONIGHT! BUT STILL, I WILL ATTEMPT MY MOST AMAZING FEAT! QUIET PLEASE!



AND NOW, SATANUS WILL DO... THE IMPOSSIBLE! FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES, KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE CLOCK-- SATANUS WILL REMAIN SUBMERGED IN THIS TANK OF WATER!



TWO AND A HALF MINUTES GONE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! YOU CAN HEAR HIS HEARTBEATS FROM THIS SENSITIVE MICROPHONE STRAPPED TO HIS CHEST! LISTEN! THEY'VE STOPPED! SATANUS-- HE'S DEAD!



THE FIFTEEN MINUTES ARE UP! HIS HEARTBEATS HAVE RESUMED! SATANUS RETURNS-- ALIVE-- FROM HIS WATERY GRAVE! SATANUS-- THE ONLY MAN TODAY WHO CAN CONTROL HIS BREATHING AND HEARTBEATS SO AS TO APPEAR DEAD!



NO, NO! I CAN'T STAND IT! I'M HAUNTED BY DEATH! WHY CAN'T THEY LEAVE ME ALONE!



BETTER GET BACK TO WORK. I DON'T DARE STAY AWAY ANY LONGER! THEY MIGHT SUSPECT SOMETHING!

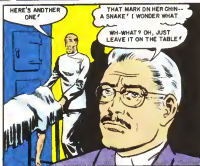


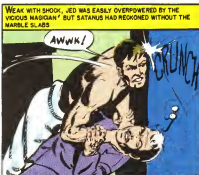
I'LL BE OKAY NOW, TIM. YOU CAN GO, AND THANKS!



IF YOU'RE SURE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT! GOOD-NIGHT!









## PORTRAIT OF LIFE...AND DEATH!

**R**ollini touched his paint-brush to the palette... and as he withdrew it and turned toward his easel there was a strange glint to his eyes. His mouth hardened momentarily as he scrutinized the canvas before him... then his flesh filled with color and his eyes widened as if with wild delight.

"This will be the painting to enshrine my name forever," he thought, his chest rising and falling with great rapidity, as if inwardly he were going through some strange and tremendous exertion. "This will be a token of my great talent," he thought. And his eye moved from the flaming, tempestuous colors of the canvas to the woman who stood across the room from him. There could be no uncertainty about it... the canvas was an exact duplicate of the living woman... but there was a bizarre, almost a ghostly difference. For the woman appeared to be bloodless, even the pigmentation of her hair appeared to have begun to seep from her. If anything, the portrait was more lifelike than the living woman who was posing for it.

"It was wise of me," Rollini murmured to himself as his brush flashed and stabbed at the canvas, now applying the magenta, now the deep rich brown. "Wise of me to marry my model... so that I could bring her here to my garret without fear of talk behind my back."

The picture was nearing the great moment of completion, and Rollini worked with redoubled speed, completely engrossed now in the portrait of his wife. "She has not left the garret in weeks," he thought to himself as he worked on, never tiring in his labors, never ceasing... his eye flashing from model to canvas... from canvas to model. "Since I started this great portrait of my wife, she has been a virtual prisoner! For I cannot let her interfere with the mood that has seized me... cannot let her break the spell which enables me to put on canvas the very crystallization of what she is, what she lives for! For this portrait will BE life to all those who see it!"

He hunched forward more than ever now... the end was clearly in sight. Another dab at the sharp line of the eyebrows... a stroke at the cupid's bow mouth... and he would have transferred all that his young wife was to the canvas!

He turned once again to the spot where the living woman sat for a last sweeping view... and suddenly he was shocked by her sight. For in the few short weeks he had been working on her portrait she had visibly aged. Suddenly he was aware of her pallid complexion, of her wax-like skin. He MUST finish now... must HURRY!

And then it was finished! With a roar of triumph he threw his brush and palette to the floor. "This is the great work of my life, little one," he shouted, "and I could not have done it without YOU! For it is LIFE... life transferred to canvas!"

And he turned at that moment, and his eyes grew wide with wonder... then bewilderment... then stark fear! A light seemed to dim and burn out behind his eyes! A mad look came over him. There, on the other side of the room, his wife lay dead where she had fallen from the spot in which she had posed! And she was old... as old as the portrait was young! Rollini had succeeded... he had taken his wife's life... and put it on canvas!



THOSE LIGHTS MRS. MANDER THOUGHT SHE SAW FLICKERING IN THE NIGHT... THE GHASTLY WAIL SHE WAS *POSITIVE* SHE HEARD... THE DOG WITH ITS THROAT SLASHED BY THE VERY KNIFE SHE FOUND AT THE FOOT OF HER BED... ALL OF IT COULD MEAN ONLY *ONE* THING! THERE WAS...

# MADNESS

## at MANDERVILLE

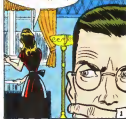


MANDERVILLE SEEMED LIKE EVERY OTHER HOUSE IN ITS NEIGHBORHOOD... BUT THERE WAS *ONE* STARTLING DIFFERENCE...

I GAVE THE SERVANTS THE NIGHT OFF, TOM... THOUGHT IT WOULD BE MORE LIKE OLD TIMES IF I PREPARED THE MEAL... AND WE WERE ALONE TOGETHER!



EVER SINCE THAT TERRIBLE ACCIDENT... WHEN WE LOST YOUNG BILLY... I'VE FELT A GREAT CHANGE TAKING PLACE! IT'S AS IF MY MIND WAS UNDERGOING SOME SORT OF METAMORPHOSIS! YOU UNDERSTAND, DON'T YOU, TOM?





THE HOURS PASSED IN THAT STRANGE HOUSE CALLED MANDERVILLE. AND THEN...

T-TOM TOM TOM!  
THE LIGHTS... T-THEY BLINDED ME!  
COMING IN THROUGH THE WINDOW  
COMING C-CLOSER... CLOSER!



WHAT LIGHTS, MARION? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING... NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY, ANYWAY! AND I'VE BEEN TOSSING AND TURNING... COULDN'T SEEM TO DOZE OFF! SO THAT I WAS AWAKE AND WOULD HAVE SEEN...



Y-YOU DON'T SEE ANY LIGHTS  
FLASHING THROUGH THE WINDOW...  
S-STRABBING AT ME? YOU  
MEAN THERE WEREN'T ANY LIGHTS...  
AND I CAN SEE WHAT DOESN'T  
REALLY EXIST...?



OF COURSE THAT ISN'T WHAT I MEANT, MARION. AND FROM THIS POSITION I CAN SEE THOSE LIGHTS TOO! THEY'RE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT... YOU JUST FORGET THEM!



S-SINCE THE ACCIDENT IN WHICH BILLY WAS KILLED. S-SHE'S BECOMING WORSE AND WORSE! THE TERRIBLE STRAIN... IT MUST HAVE AFFECTED HER MIND! SHE'S IN A BAD WAY. SEEING LIGHTS THAT AREN'T THERE...!



THE DREADED NIGHT PASSED, AND ONCE AGAIN IT WAS MORNING AT MANDERVILLE...

A COUPLE OF HOURS SLEEP HAVE HELPED ME, TOM... HO, WONDER A PERSON THINKS SHE'S GOING OUT OF HER MIND, THOUGH... WITH TERRIBLE NOISES LIKE THAT WAIL JUST NOW!



IF WAIL? YOU MEAN YOU HEARD A SCREAM OR SOMETHING JUST NOW?

Y-YOU DIDN'T HEAR IT. THAT NOISE LIKE A SIREN? O-OH! I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING?



THIS IS FAR MORE SERIOUS THAN I FEARED! MARION MUST BE IN REALLY BAD SHAPE! AS SOON AS I FINISH AT THE OFFICE I'D BETTER HURRY HOME! AND IF SHE WANDERS BACK INTO THE KITCHEN... NO TELLING WHAT SHE MAY PUT IN THE FOOD! BETTER HAVE A WORD WITH DOCTOR BRENNER NEXT DOOR!



THE DAYLIGHT HOURS SEEMED INTERMINABLE TO TOM MANDER. BUT AT LAST HE WAS BACK AT MANDERVILLE, AND THE EVENING HAD PASSED WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT.

GONE UP AS SOON AS YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR PAPER, TOM.

SHE DOES SEEM BETTER, TONIGHT! HER SPIRITS HAVE LIFTED, AND THESE CURIOUS THINGS SHE SEES AND HEARS... M-MAYBE THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!



THAT WILD, INSANE LOOK IT SEEMS TO HAVE GONE FROM HER EYES! THE STRAIN OF BILLY'S DEATH... IT MAY BE WEARING OFF AT LAST! I'VE ASKED DOCTOR BRENNER TO STOP IN TOMORROW... PERHAPS HE'LL FIND HER ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY!



THE MINUTES TICKED BY ON THE CLOCK AT TOM MANDER'S ELBOW. THEY STRETCHED INTO AN HOUR, TWO HOURS.

W-WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MARION?



GO BACK TO SLEEP, DARLING... I'M THIRSTY! GOING TO GET A GLASS OF WATER...

TOM MANDER WAS IN NO MOOD FOR SLEEP. QUIETLY HE WATCHED HIS WIFE CROSS THE ROOM... ALERT FOR ANY OUTBREAKS ON HER PART, ANXIOUSLY WATCHING FOR SIGNS OF AN ONGOING SPELL.

NOTHING FOR YOU TO WORRY ABOUT, TOM... I-IT'S JUST THAT I'M TERRIBLY... RESTLESS... TONIGHT!



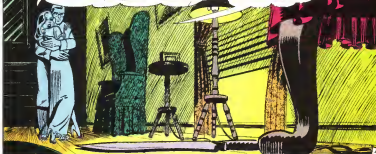
T-TOM! GOOD HEAVENS! I-I FEEL FAINT!

W-WHAT IS IT, MARION? WHAT IS IT?



T-THERE... ON THE FLOOR! T-THAT... THAT KNIFE! HOW DID IT GET HERE, TOM... W-WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

A BUTCHER'S KNIFE SOAKED WITH... BLOOD!



T-THE BLOOD A TRAIL OF IT... DOWN THE STEPS! LEADS TO THE CELLAR.

I'M AFRAID OF IT, TOM MORE THAN I'VE EVER BEEN BEFORE! W-WHAT WILL WE FIND AT THE END OF THE BLOOD TRAIL... WHAT WAS THE KNIFE DOING AT THE FOOT OF MY BED?



I'M GOING MAD, TOM. MAD! YOU'RE IN A HOUSE WITH A WOMAN WHO'S INSANE! I KNIFED THAT DOG PUT THE BLADE NEAR MY BED... AND I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER IT! W-MY MIND... IT'S CRACKING CRUMBLING...



I WANTED TO GET HER OUT OF THE ROOM BEFORE I SPOKE CANDIDLY TO YOU, MANDER! THIS IS SERIOUS! A CASE OF A MIND DEGENERATING... CRACKING ALL AT ONCE! THERE'S DANGER IN A CASE LIKE THIS... GREAT DANGER!



R-RUSTY! H-HIS THROAT SLASHED!

T-THE OOG, DEAD! MURDERED MURDERED!

SHE IS MAD! OR BRENNER... I'LL HAVE HIM OVER FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! EVEN I'M BECOMING A LITTLE FRIGHTENED!



THE NIGHT WAS A HORRIBLE ORDEAL... BUT SOMEHOW TOM MANDER KEPT HIS EYES OPEN UNTIL THE FIRST RAYS OF MORNING... HIS GAZE NEVER ONCE LEFT HIS WIFE'S CRUMPLED FIGURE.



AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO TELL... ALL I CAN REMEMBER... ALL I THINK I REMEMBER!

HMM... DO YOU THINK YOU COULD GET ME A CUP OF COFFEE, MRS. MANDER? IT'S SO EARLY... I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE A CHANCE TO BREAKFAST...

A PERSON SUFFERING FROM THIS CONDITION MUST BE COMMITTED TO AN INSTITUTION FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE! AT ONCE! WE DON'T KNOW WHEN THERE MIGHT BE A VIOLENT OUTBREAK! WE MUST SAFEGUARD AGAINST IT! IF YOU CAN COME WITH MRS. MANDER TO THE HOLBROOK HOME THIS AFTERNOON, I'LL HAVE ALL THE PAPERS READY! THEY SPECIALIZE IN CASES OF THIS KIND!

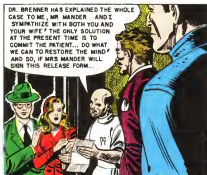


WITH A HEAVY HEART, TOM MANDER DROVE TO THE HOLBROOK HOME... HIS WIFE HUGGLED NIGERABLY AT HIS SIDE! NOT FOR A SECOND DID HE LET HER SLIDE FROM HIS SIGHT... FOR THE DOCTOR'S WORDS STILL RANG IN HIS EARS!

RIGHT THIS WAY, DEAR... OR BRENNER ASSURED ME THIS IS FOR THE BEST! THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT.







DR. BRENNER HAS EXPLAINED THE WHOLE CASE TO ME, MR MANDER. AND I SYMPATHIZE WITH BOTH YOU AND YOUR WIFE. THE ONLY SOLUTION AT THE PRESENT TIME IS TO COMMIT THE PATIENT... DO WHAT WE CAN TO RESTORE THE MIND. AND SO, IF MRS MANDER WILL SIGN THIS RELEASE FORM...



I WANT NO EXPENSE SPARED IN THIS CASE, DR. HOLBROOK. SHE MUST RECEIVE THE FINEST TREATMENT THE BEST CARE!

WE UNDERSTAND COMPLETELY, MR MANDER. THE PATIENT WILL BE CARED FOR IN THE BEST POSSIBLE MANNER!



THIS RELEASE FORM... IT FREES US TO CARE FOR THE PATIENT AS WE SEE FIT! AND NOW... WE'D BETTER START THE TREATMENT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE...

NO NEED FOR YOU TO BE AFRAID, MARION DEAR.



THERE'S OUR NEW PATIENT! HANDLE MISTER MANDER WITH CARE, PLEASE... HE'LL BE STAYING WITH US FOR SOME TIME!

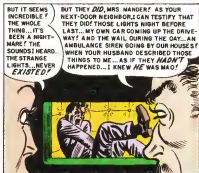
W--WHAT P ARE YOU MAD, HOLBROOK... IS THIS A JOKE OF SOME KIND?

T--TOM? TOM IS THE PATIENT YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT?



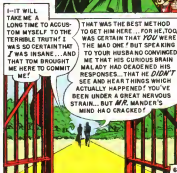
LET ME GO, YOU IDIOTS! I'LL HAVE THIS PLACE TORN DOWN... YOU'RE MAD, ALL OF YOU ARE MAD! YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG ONE... Y--YOU'RE MAKING A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!

EAST, MRS MANDER... DESPITE WHAT YOUR HUSBAND CLAIMS... WE ARE NOT MAKING A MISTAKE! HE... AND NOT YOU IS INSANE!



BUT IT SEEMS INCREDIBLE! THE WHOLE THING... IT'S BEEN A NIGHTMARE! THE SOUNDS! HEARD THE STRANGE LIGHTS... NEVER EXISTED!

BUT THEY DID, MRS MANDER! AS YOUR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR, I CAN TESTIFY THAT THEY DID! THOSE LIGHTS NIGHT BEFORE LAST... MY OWN CAR COMING UP THE DRIVEWAY! AND THE WAIL DURING THE DAY... AN AMBULANCE SIREN GOING BY OUR HOUSES! WHEN YOUR HUSBAND DESCRIBED THOSE THINGS TO ME... AS IF THEY HADN'T HAPPENED... I KNEW HE WAS MAD!



I--IT WILL TAKE ME A LONG TIME TO ACCUSTOM MYSELF TO THE TERRIBLE TRUTH! I WAS SO CERTAIN THAT I WAS INSANE... AND THAT TOM BROUGHT ME HERE TO COMMIT ME!

THAT WAS THE BEST METHOD TO GET HIM HERE... FOR HE, TOO, WAS CERTAIN THAT YOU WERE THE MAD ONE! BUT SPEAKING TO YOUR HUSBAND CONVINCED ME THAT HIS CURIOUS BRAIN MALADY HAD DEADENED HIS RESPONSES... THAT HE DIDN'T SEE AND HEAR THINGS WHICH ACTUALLY HAPPENED! YOU'VE BEEN UNDER A GREAT NERVOUS STRAIN... BUT MR. MANDER'S MIND HAD CRACKED!



# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Heh, heh! Already I'm up to the second issue of my morbid mag! It seems like only 42 years ago I released this the first time (see "#18" of THE CRYPT OF TERROR, see the original logo below).



Dear CK,

This is in defense of 11-year-old Alicyn Novit, who wrote that her friends like to read "Ghost Ship" in "Tales From the Crypt" Vol. 2. You said it was Vol. 1.

"Ghost Ship" is indeed in Vol. 2, of the Random House series of novelizations of "Tales From the Crypt" stories. I bet that's what Alicyn's library has; it's a series of children's books newly illustrated by Jack Davis, along with panels from the originals.

You've got your "Crypts" crossed.

Guy MacMillin  
Chesterfield, NH

Egad! That great Guy is right! That'll teach me to stay out of circulation for 4 decades! Alicyn, whose letter ran in NEW CRYPT #1, was little doubt right, and I offer her my sincere apologies! Random House is up to Volume 5 (ISBN 0-679-83074-X) of their series, which features new Ghoulunetic covers by Davis. Also new, "Jokee from the Crypt" (ISBN 0-679-83168-1) which features me (and two other jokers) as a stand-up comic. —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I would like to start off by saying that I am EC's number-one fan!!! Robert Borruso, who claimed he was in NEW CRYPT #1 doesn't even know the proper abbreviation for "Tales From the Crypt" which is "Crypt" (he said

"Tales"). If Robert isn't #1, what makes me #1? Well, I've made a list:

1. I study the art of EC and can pick out what was drawn by whom.
2. I know the history of EC comics.

There are many other reasons which have slipped my mind at the moment. Love is what you need to be a fan. You must love Ghashly's detailed painted style of art. You must love Davis's small arches which he often used to fade out from shadows and the wrinkled-pants technique. You must love Craig's extra sideburn and flipping hair along with his quality corpse drawings (Davis also has the corpse quality). You must love Marie Severin's coloring skills. She knew the right color schemes for each artist and used excellent contrast in shades. She always equipped Ghashly with faded shades of blue, orange and deep reds.

EC comics have inspired me to be a writer. It also has inspired my friend Dan Kraut (another super mega-big huge EC fan) to be a writer.

Now you have brought his dream back to a new generation of readers who, like me, have been inspired to be perhaps another Ghashly (my favorite EC artist) or another Davis or Craig. Thank you!

CRYPT's True #1 Fan,  
Philip M. Smith  
Philadelphia, PA

Is there anyone who'd like to be CRYPT's #1 Feline Fan? —CK

Dear Mr. Cochran,

My name is Shawn Chancey, and I am a big CRYPT and VAULT fan. I would like more information on the hardback books you sell. Please send it to me.

Thank you!

From a CRYPT lover and a Real Horror Fan!

Shawn Chancey

Please note Shawn is not claiming to be the True #1 Real Horror Fan! And thank goodness! —CK

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I've just started to read your comics and they are great! I have a question. Where did the Vault Keeper and the Old Witch come from? Keep up the good work.

Tahara Eastman  
Tulsa, OK

V-K and OW came from—under a rock! And they can crawl right back! No, seriously (seriously?), OW came from the Old Country (watch for HAUNT #14, or get RCP HAUNT #1, see our ad in this comic). The Vault-Keeper came from nowhere and his stories from the same place. —CK



Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I thoroughly enjoyed [RCP CRYPT 6]. Excellent artwork. I buy your magazine not only for the quality reading material, but for the fantastic illustrations. This is definitely one of the spookiest, superbly well-written, talentedly artistic comic books I've ever read and looked at, one of the best comics around. It's—Great! What a mag!

A sincere CRYPT  
artist/reader fan,  
Melanie Miller  
Lawrenceville, IL

You may not be the #1 artist/reader fan,  
but you're sincere. —CK

Dear CK,

I just finished [RCP CRYPT 6]. Terror-ific! Why, I even loved the CRIME SUSPENSORIES at the back of the book!

In Comic Buyers Guide No. 441 (I think) while introducing [RCP CRYPT #4], your teeth were vampire's! Please spill it, are you a vampire?

But back to Teles, I was going to say the Vault-Keepers stories are like him, DEAD. They make me snore.

Leremie, why must you irritate the GhouLunetics so? Please give a little time in between your letters.

Well, I've taken enough of your time and the sun's coming up, so I'll dig you later!

Eric Henderson  
Burnsville, MN

I'll ask for a DIG-UP cell for midnight, that's my time to HOWL! Erik, the CRIME material is good stuff, and you can get it in our reprints of CRIME appearing as a sapersta title every quarter!

No, I'm not a vampire, nor do I play one on TV. But after decades of waiting around to get back into comics, I got a little long in the tooth! That's the fenga I get!

VK's a dead one, alright, either I never held that eagle at anyone. It's only right to read them the same way he writes them, asleep! I wonder if Leremie Carlson isn't a victim of Vaultoale Nercoale; it's been weeks since he's written. —CK

Dear Russ,

Thank you for reprinting those great EC horror comics from the early 50s. At the age of 35, I always felt that I had missed out on something truly classic. Although I have several of your other classic reprints, these new reprints, in the original 32 page format, are "The Real Thing". I'm very pleased with the superior quality, and have enclosed a subscription order for CRYPT, VAULT, and HAUNT.

Mailing the comics in strong envelopes is a good idea. Most apartment mailboxes are small, with a common magazine rack. The envelopes should prevent dog-eared copies.

Once again, thank you, and keep up the good work.

Bruce C. Belghley  
Waltham, MA

Okey, we WILL keep the good work, to wit:

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THIS COMIC REPRINTS:  
CRYPT OF TERROR "#18" (#2, 1950)

"The Maestro's Hand!"	Al Feldstein
"The Living Corpse"	Wally Wood
"Madness at Manderville"	Harvey Kurtzman
"Mute Witness to Murder!"	Johnny Craig

Women are known as the talkative sex, but I never fully realized the power of the *unspoken* word until I became a...

# MUTE WITNESS to MURDER!



ANOTHER SUSPENSION  
THE CRYPT OF  
TERROR!

IT WAS THE EVENING OF OUR SECOND WEDDING ANNIVERSARY AND STEVE AND I HAD JUST RETURNED TO OUR APARTMENT AFTER A GLORIOUS ROUND OF THE MANY NIGHT SPOTS! IT WAS ALMOST 3 A.M.... BUT I WASN'T THE LEAST BIT TIRED...

OH, STEVE... IT'S BEEN A WONDERFUL ANNIVERSARY!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE HAPPY, PAM... BUT DON'T FORGET I HAVE TO WORK TOMORROW! WHAT SAY WE GO TO BED?



OH, NOT YET, STEVE... I'M TOO HAPPY AND EXCITED TO SLEEP! YOU GO... I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MOMENT!

OH... OKAY! BUT DON'T BE TOO LONG, PAM!



STEVE WENT INTO OUR BEDROOM. I MOVED TO THE WINDOW AND STOOD LOOKING OUT... AT THE STARS AND SKY, AT A LIGHTED WINDOW ACROSS THE COURT... AND I WONDERED IF THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED THERE WERE AS HAPPY AS I...



I WATCHED AS A MAN AND WOMAN MOVED BACK AND FORTH IN FRONT OF THEIR WINDOW. THEY WERE ARGUING.



MY FEELING OF HAPPINESS FLED... AND IN ITS PLACE THERE GREW A FEELING OF DREAD... A PREMONITION! SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN... I KNEW IT... AND I WAS AFRAID!



I WATCHED SPELLBOUND! THE MAN WAS GESTURING WILDLY, AND THOUGH I COULDN'T HEAR HIS WORDS, I KNEW THEIR ARGUMENT HAD REACHED A DANGEROUS PEAK!



SUDDENLY THERE WAS SOMETHING IN HIS HAND... HE RAISED HIS ARM AND STRUCK HIS WIFE A HEAVY BLOW! SHE GRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR... AND I KNEW SHE WAS DEAD! BEFORE MY EYES, THIS MAN HAD MURDERED HIS WIFE!



I WAS PARALYZED! I WANTED TO YELL... TO SCREAM FOR HELP! I WANTED TO RUN TO STEVE AND TELL HIM ABOUT THIS HORRIBLE THING I HAD SEEN! I WANTED TO MOVE... BUT I COULDN'T!



SUDDENLY THE SPELL BROKE! I WHIRLED... STEVE WAS WATCHING ME FROM THE BEDROOM DOORWAY... WITH A PUZZLED EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PAM? YOU'RE WHITE AS A SHEET! ANYTHING WRONG?



I OPENED MY MOUTH TO BLURT OUT TO STEVE WHAT I HAD SEEN! I OPENED MY MOUTH TO SPEAK... BUT NOTHING HAPPENED! MY LIPS MOVED... BUT NO SOUND CAME OUT! I COULDN'T TALK! I HAD BEEN STRUCK DUMB!



I COULDN'T SPEAK! I TRIED, BUT IT WAS NO USE! THE SHOCK OF SEEING A MURDER COMMITTED HAD CAUSED ME TO LOSE MY VOICE!

PAM, FOR HEAVENS SAKE, TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG! TELL ME!



SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH YOU, PAM! YOU STAY QUIET... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK! I WANT TO GET A DOCTOR! YOU'RE SHAKING LIKE A LEAF!



STEVE RETURNED A FEW MOMENTS LATER TO FIND ME SLUMPED ON THE COUCH! I WAS STILL TREMBLING...

PAM! PAM, DARLING! I'VE BROUGHT DR. BASK TO EXAMINE YOU. HE LIVES HERE IN OUR BUILDING...



I SLOWLY TURNED TO FACE DR. BASK... FOR A MOMENT HIS FACE BLURRED... BUT IT SUDDENLY CAME INTO SHARP FOCUS! MY HEART KNOTTED AND BLOOD HAMMERED IN MY HEAD... FOR I FOUND MYSELF STARING INTO THE EYES OF THE MAN WHO HAD JUST KILLED HIS WIFE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S THE MATTER, DOCTOR! SHE WAS LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW AND SUDDENLY BECAME THIS WAY... LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF SHOCK! SHE CAN'T EVEN TALK!

LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW? HMMM...



DR. BASK WENT TO THE WINDOW AND LOOKED OUT. WHEN HE TURNED TO US AGAIN I SAW IN HIS EYES THAT HE **KNEW** WHAT I HAD SEEN...

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HER, DR. BASK?

ER... SHOCK! POSSIBLY TOO MUCH OF A STRAIN ON HER NERVES IN SOME WAY... COULD HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY ANY THING! I'LL GIVE HER A SEDATIVE NOW... MAKE HER SLEEP!



I TRIED TO FIGHT AGAINST BEING GIVEN A SEDATIVE, BUT WITH STEVE HOLDING ME, THINKING IT FOR MY OWN GOOD, IT WAS USELESS...



I FELT DROWSY IN A MATTER OF MINUTES... DURING WHICH TIME THE DOCTOR CONCLUDED HIS EXAMINATION. A MOMENT LATER I WAS ASLEEP...



I SLEPT LONG AND I AWOKE WITH A START... TO FIND DR. BASK BENDING OVER ME! I WAS NOT IN MY HOME...

AL! YOU'RE AWAKE, MY DEAR! NOW LIE QUIETLY AND THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE! THERE ARE SOME THINGS I WISH TO SAY...



I KNOW YOU SAW ME MURDER MY WIFE... AND YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON WHO KNOWS! AS LONG AS YOU CAN'T CONTACT ANYONE, I'M SAFE! THAT IS WHY I'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE TO MY SANITARIUM! I TOLD YOUR HUSBAND AND EVERYONE HERE THAT YOU ARE A VIOLENT MENTAL CASE AND ARE TO BE KEPT HERE IN CONFINEMENT UNTIL I CAN "CURE" YOU!



YOU WILL BE QUITE SAFE. NO ONE WILL HARM YOU! YOU WON'T BE DISTURBED EXCEPT FOR THE ATTENDANT WHO COMES TO FEED YOU! YOU SEE, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO FEED YOURSELF BECAUSE I'M GOING TO TIE YOU UP IN THIS STRAIGHT-JACKET! I DON'T WANT YOUR HANDS FREE TO WRITE NOTES TO THE ATTENDANT!



OF COURSE, THE ATTENDANT WOULDN'T BELIEVE YOU ANYWAY BECAUSE YOU'RE "CRAZY." HA! HA! BUT I BELIEVE IN TAKING PRECAUTIONS! CAN'T LET HIM PUT ME IN A STRAIGHT-JACKET! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



I STRUGGLED FURIOUSLY BUT DR. BASK OVERPOWERED ME! IN A FEW MOMENTS I FOUND MYSELF TRUSSED, HELPLESS, ON THE BED.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT TO MY HEART. CAN'T TAKE MUCH PHYSICAL EXERTION! MY MEDICINE! MUST TAKE MY MEDICINE.



AH! I FEEL ALL RIGHT NOW! MY DEAR, EVEN IF YOU HAD OVERPOWERED ME, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO LEAVE THIS ROOM. BECAUSE THE DOOR CAN ONLY BE OPENED OR CLOSED BY A GUARD IN THE CONTROL OFFICE PUSHING A BUTTON! EVERYTHING IS AUTOMATIC...



AND THE GUARD ONLY OPENS OR CLOSES THE DOOR IN RESPONSE TO MY VOICE WHEN I SPEAK THROUGH THIS TRANSMITTER HERE BY THE DOOR! THERE IS A SIMILAR ONE OUTSIDE!



IT'S HOPELESS! I'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE NOW! OH, STEVE, IF ONLY YOU KNEW! IF ONLY YOU COULD HELP ME!

HEAVENSON? THIS IS OR BASK IN ROOM 3 CB. OPEN THE DOOR, WILL YOU PLEASE?



GOODBYE, PAMELA.

[SOB]

[SOB]



I CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP THAT NIGHT.

STEVE (SOB): STEVE  
WHY WON'T YOU HELP ME?  
(SOB: IF ONLY I COULD  
SPEAK, TELL SOMEONE!  
BUT I CAN'T! IT'S  
HOPELESS, HOPELESS!



THE FEMALE ATTENDANT TENDED  
AND FED ME REGULARLY. WHEN I  
TRIED TO SPEAK, SHE WOULD PAT ME  
ON THE SHOULDER AND SMILE... BUT  
JUST TO HUMOR ME! SHE THOUGHT  
I WAS CRAZY TOO!



SURE, KID,  
SURE, TOUGH,  
AIN'T IT? WHY  
DON'T YOU  
TAKE A NAP  
NOW?

...AND THEN SHE'D LEAVE AND I'D BE  
ALONE AGAIN.

HEANIGSON? THIS IS NURSE  
BROWN. OPEN UP, WILL YOU?



OKAY,  
BROWN

DAYS PASSED MONOTONOUSLY. MY NERVES WERE ON EDGE  
AND I SOMETIMES CRIED SO HYSTERICALLY THAT I  
THOUGHT I MIGHT REALLY BE INSANE! AFTER MANY DAYS,  
I RECEIVED A VISIT FROM DR. BASK.

HOW HAVE YOU BEEN, MY DEAR?  
SORRY I HAVEN'T DROPPED IN TO  
SEE YOU, BUT I'VE BEEN QUITE  
BUSY! I CAME TODAY TO TELL  
YOU SOME RATHER BAD NEWS!



BAD NEWS?  
WHAT DOES HE  
MEAN? HAS ANYTHING  
HAPPENED TO  
STEVE?

ANY TIME NOW THE SHOCK YOU  
EXPERIENCED MAY WEAR OFF AND  
YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SPEAK  
AGAIN! THAT WOULD BE VERY  
DANGEROUS TO ME! SO, FOR MY  
OWN PROTECTION, MY DEAR,  
I SHALL HAVE TO KILL YOU!



KILL ME ???  
OH, WHAT  
WILL I DO? I DON'T  
WANT TO DIE! I'VE  
GOT TO DO  
SOMETHING!

IT'S ALL VERY SIMPLE! I'VE SCHEDULED  
YOU FOR A BRAIN OPERATION TO-  
MORROW, WHICH I WILL PERFORM! ONE  
SLIP OF THE SCALPEL AND



AND I WILL HAVE RID MYSELF OF THE  
ONE PERSON WHO COULD SEND ME TO  
THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! IT WILL BE A  
"REGRETTABLE ACCIDENT!" HA! HA!





DR. BASK LEFT AND I THREW MYSELF ON THE BED, CRYING IN MY DESPAIR.



I *SPOKE*! MY VOICE HAS COME BACK! I CAN SPEAK AGAIN! OH, THANK HEAVEN, I CAN SPEAK! THERE'S HOPE LEFT! I'LL TELL NURSE BROWN AND... NO!



I *CAN'T* TELL ANYONE! THEY'LL THINK I'M CRAZY! THEY'LL TELL DR. BASK MY VOICE HAS RETURNED AND... THERE MUST BE *ANOTHER* WAY!



ALL NIGHT LONG I LAY AWAKE, TRYING TO THINK OF A MEANS OF ESCAPE. BUT WHEN DR. BASK CAME THE NEXT MORNING, I STILL HAD NOT FORMULATED A PLAN.

I MUST REMEMBER *NOT TO SPEAK!* IF I SPEAK *ONCE*... I'M DOOMED!

WE'VE YET SOME TIME BEFORE YOUR OPERATION, MRS. WORTH, BUT I'M GOING TO RELEASE YOU FROM YOUR STRAIGHT-JACKET NOW!



I FOUGHT VIGOROUSLY! I KNEW I WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF MY CELL, BUT STILL I FOUGHT! SUDDENLY...



AS DR. BASK LOOSENED THE STRAPS, I REALIZED THAT THESE WOULD BE MY LAST FEW LIVING MOMENTS... FOR ONCE INSIDE THE OPERATING ROOM, I WAS LOST! NOW WAS THE TIME... HERE WAS MY CHANCE. MY *ONLY* CHANCE! I LEAPED!



HE HAD A HEART ATTACK! HE FELL HEAVILY TO THE FLOOR, HIS HANDS FUMBLING IN HIS POCKETS... TRYING TO FIND HIS LIFE-SAVING MEDICINE! A STUNNED LOOK CAME INTO HIS EYES...

:(BASK: MY... MY MEDICINE!  
I DON'T HAVE IT. I DON'T HAVE MY MEDICINE! :(BASK:  
I'LL... I'LL DIE!



A FLOOD OF THOUGHTS RAN THROUGH MY MIND AS HE LAY THERE, GASPING! WITH DR. BASK DEAD, I'D BE ABLE TO TELL ANOTHER DOCTOR WHAT HAPPENED! THEY'D EXAMINE ME AND FIND THAT I WAS *NOT* INSANE!

PAMELA, CALL HEANISSON. TELL HIM MY MEDICINE. MY OH... I FORGOT... YOU. YOU CAN'T SPEAK!

BUT... BUT I CAN SPEAK



PLEASE. I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU! GASP! I'LL SET YOU FREE! TURN MYSELF OVER TO THE POLICE! I PROMISE! JUST JUST CALL HEANISSON! GASP!

I. I'M SORRY, DR. BASK.



WHAT? THEN CALL HEANISSON. JUST PUSH THE LITTLE BUTTON. TELL HIM MY, MY MEDICINE! HURRY PLEASE HURRY.

I'M I'M SORRY, OR BASK BUT TO SAVE MY LIFE I MUST LET YOU DIE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY...



BUT... YOU CAN'T JUST LET ME DIE! SAVE ME... PLEASE! MY MEDICINE. TELL HEANISSON. PLEASE. PLEASE. PLEASE!

NO...



PLEASE...

NO...

I TURNED TO THE WALL AND COVERED MY EARS TO KEEP FROM HEARING HIM PLEAD FOR HIS LIFE. AND WHEN I TURNED BACK AGAIN, HE WAS STILL...



HEANISSON? THIS IS THE PATIENT IN ROOM 308. SEND SOMEONE IN HERE RIGHT AWAY. DR. BASK HAS JUST DIED OF A HEART ATTACK!



-THE END-



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GLAD VAULT #2



GLAD VAULT #3



GLAD VAULT #4



GLAD VAULT #5



GLAD VAULT #6



GLAD WEIRD #1



GLAD WEIRD #2



GLAD WEIRD #3



GLAD WEIRD #4



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—HORROR—

# CRYPT TERROR



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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

SO... WE MEET AGAIN, DEAR READER! WELCOME! I WELCOME  
ONCE MORE TO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! AS YOU KNOW,  
EACH ISSUE OF MY TERROR-101 MAGAZINE, I TELL YOU  
CHILLING TALES FROM MY BEST COLLECTION WHICH I KEEP  
HERE IN THIS CRYPT! THIS STORY IS ONE OF MY VERY  
BEST... I'VE DESIGNED TO THRILL YOU... TO MAKE YOUR  
BLOOD RUN COLD... TO MAKE LITTLE SHIVERS RUN UP  
AND DOWN YOUR SPINE! I CALL IT:

## GHOST SHIP!



MY STORY BEGINS HIGH OVER THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, A FEW HUNDRED MILES NORTH OF BERMUDA! A TINY PLANE IS WHIRLING ITS WAY THROUGH A CLOUDLESS SKY...



OH, CAROLINE! WHAT A WONDERFUL WAY TO BEGIN OUR HONEY MOON... *FLYING* TO BERMUDA!

I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT, DEAR?



LOOK IT! I LOVE IT! IT'S LIKE A FAIRLAND... WITH THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE OF THE OCEAN FAR BELOW...

SAY! LOOKS LIKE A FOG BANK COMING IN OVER THE HORIZON...



SHIFT! THE SMALL PLANE SPEEDS THROUGH THE BLUE TOWARD THE HORIZON FOR BARE...

I'LL TRY TO SOUP UP OVER IT, CAROL!

CAN'T WE AVOID IT... GO AROUND IT?



NO... IT WOULD TAKE US TOO FAR OFF OUR COURSE... AND MY GAS SUPPLY MIGHT NOT LAST! NO... I'LL TAKE HER UP OVER IT...



THE ENGINE OF THE MOTORBOAT LEANED AN ODD PLANE STRAINS TO CLIMB ABOVE THE BLANKET OF FOG BEFORE THEM...

I DON'T THINK WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT, CAROL... IT'S TOO MUCH FOR HER...



THE MOTORBOAT DROPPED... WE'RE GOING DOWN!

DON'T WE'LL BE KILLED!



DOWN... DOWN THROUGH THE THICK FOG... SOUP FOR THE PLANE AND ITS TWO OCCUPANTS DROPPED... AND THEN...

THERE'S AN OPENING IN THE FOG! I'M GOING TO TRY TO PUT HER DOWN IN THE WATER! FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELT, CAROL...





STRAINING FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE OCEAN AS THE CRIPPLED PLANE RUSHES TOWARD FLOODS, EYES PEER INTO THE THICK FOG! SUDDENLY HE REELS THROUGH THE OPENING... AND PRACTICALLY FALLS UP ON THE CONTROLS! THEN...



PRACTICALLY DON CLIMBS BACK DOWN INTO THE CABIN, AND EMERGES WITH THE PRECIOUS LIFE-SAFT WHICH HE INFLATES! AS THEY PULL AWAY FROM THE WRECKAGE, IT TURNS TAIL UP... AND SINKS.



BUT THE FOG DOES NOT LIFT! IT REMAINS FOR ONE DAY... THEN TWO! CAROL AND DON, TIRED AND WEAR FROM HUNGER AND THIRST, DRIFT AIMLESSLY ABOUT IN THE LITTLE RUBBER RAFTS... LISTENING... LOOKING... INVAIN!



QUICKLY, CAROL... GIVE ME YOUR HAND! THE CABIN MAY FILL UP WITH WATER!

DON, THE LIFE-SAFT! DON'T WE HAVE ONE?



THAT'S RIGHT! I'LL GO BACK AND GET IT...

PLUFF, DON'T WE'RE SINKING FAST...



FOR HOURS THEY FLOAT IN THE DENSE FOG... STRAINING THEIR EYES AND EARS FOR A SIGN OF A SHIP...

DON! WE HAVE NO WATER... NO FOOD... NOTHING! WE WON'T BE ABLE TO LAST VERY LONG!

DON'T WORRY, CAROL! THE FOG WILL LIFT... AND THEN A SHIP OR PLANE WILL SPOT US...



THEN... A STRANGE NOISE DRIFTS THROUGH THE DARKNESS TO THEM... A CREAKING SOUND... THE SOUND OF OLD TIMBERS, ROTTED AND WORN, STRAINING AND GRATING AGAINST EACH OTHER...

DO YOU HEAR THAT, DON?

YES... IT SOUNDS LIKE... LOOK!







AND... BEEP... ONE  
HANGING FROM THE  
TARD-ARM...

...I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND!



LOOK... I WAS RIGHT!  
THERE'S A LIGHT IN  
THE CABIN...

O'MY! LET'S  
TAKE A  
LOOK!



THERE'S SOMEONE  
DOWN THERE...

HE'S READING  
A BOOK...

THE FRIGHTENED COUPLE MADE THEIR WAY DOWN THE  
DARK STAIRS TO THE GARDEN AND KNOCKED ON THE DOOR!  
THERE WAS NO ANSWER! DON LIFTED THE LATCH AND  
THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN...



WHY... THERE'S NO  
ONE HERE, NOW!

DON! I'M AFRAID! LET'S  
GO BACK TO THE RAFT!



POSSIBLY! WE PROBABLY  
SCARED WHOMEVER IT WAS  
AWAY! LOOK! HERE'S  
THE BOOK HE WAS  
READING!

IT... IT LOOKS LIKE THE  
GOLDEN STAR!



GREAT SCOFF! THE LAST ENTRY  
IS DATED JANUARY 8TH, 1854!

GO BACK A BIT  
AND READ WHAT  
HAPPENED UP TO  
THAT DAY, DON!



"October 17th 1803/Today seized the British Frigate  
Golden Star, sailing at heads abore and captaining  
booby of jewels and gold coin. The manors  
disseminated with the spirit, I taking myself hold  
for myself! Captain Henry Dragon."

WHY, THEN THIS WAS A  
PIRATE VESSEL... AND  
DRAGON WAS ITS CAPTAIN!

YES, BUT LISTEN  
TO THIS!

October 27th, 1853-

A mutiny is afoot, led by one of the men, Charles Groggins. I fear for the lives of myself and my mother-Captain Henry Groggins.

AND THEN THE WHOLE TREASURE WILL BE Ours TO SHARE FAIRLY! ARE YOU WITH ME?

LET'S STRUNG THEM UP THE CHEATS!



October 28th, 1853-

They have killed the other officers and I myself remain locked in this cabin! I can hear them outside, ready to break down the door! This will probably be my last entry in this log. The looting is already shattering the door panels and I

IT ENDS ABRUPTLY! THEY PROBABLY FILLED ME!

LOOKY ON THE MULE! POOR ANOTHER ENTRY IN A DIFFERENT HANDWRITING!



October 30th, 1853: Today, as the new captain of this vessel, I ordered Henry Groggins to write the plans. In his perky words, he bursted us and swore revenge and return.

WASTE MY WORDS! I WILL RETURN TO ONCE AGAIN COMMAND THIS VESSEL! DEATH TO ALL OF YOU WILL BE MY REVENGE.

SO ON! STOP YOUR CHATTERING AND TAKE YOUR FINAL STEP.



The men laughed and he disappeared into the busy sea. I immediately set about to find the share of the treasure he had taken, but to no avail it had vanished! The men will not like this bad news. Charles Groggins.

WAS IT HIS SHARE IS GONE? WHAT MEANS THIS, GROGGINS?

IT IS THE FOURTH MEN. THE BODY IS NOWHERE IN THE CABIN!

SOON! IT IS THE FOURTH MEN. THE BODY IS NOWHERE IN THE CABIN!



November 1st, 1853: The men have begun to quarrel and bicker among themselves. They do not believe that there is no treasure. They do not trust me!

I SAY, LET'S STRUNG 'EM UP! HE'S TRICKED US!

AND? HE WANTS THE CAPTAIN'S SHARE FOR HIMSELF?



November 5th, 1853-

The men have given me until today to produce the Captain's share of the booty? I cannot find it and all my pleading has been in vain. They are at the door now. I fear that my hours are numbered!

Charles Groggins.

AND THAT'S THE LAST ENTRY IN HIS WRITING!

WHO CONTINUED IT, SON?



November 16th, 1853-

A thorough search of the cabin has not produced the treasure. Charles Groggins body swings from the highest yard-arm, and I am forced upon myself to continue this log. I am alone.

WHAT'S HAPPENED? THE SAILS ARE SLACK!

THE SAIL BECAUSE THERE'S NO WIND, NOT A DROP!



"December 5th 1853

There has been a dead calm for three weeks now. The ship has slowly drifted into a grid of sea of seaweed and we are held fast by the millions of astonishing plants.

"WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF THIS NOW. EVEN IF WE DO GET A BREAK."

"WE ARE DOOMED! I SAY TAKE TO THE SMALL BOATS...!"



"NO WE WOULD DIE OF EXPOSURE AND STARVATION...!"

"WE'LL TAKE WHAT'S LEFT OF THE STORES AND WATER."



"IT'S FOOLY! I SAY STAY ON THE SHIP! PERHAPS A STRONG ENOUGH WIND WILL TAKE US OFF."

"I AGREE WITH THE OTHERS! LET'S TAKE TO THE SMALL BOATS."



"December 18th 1853:

Most of the men took their shares of the stores and left the ship in the small boats. There are but a few of us left.

"LOOK! AN ALBATROSS!"

"IF WE KILL IT, WE COULD BE ASSURED OF FOOD FOR A LITTLE LONGER."

"IT IS BAD LUCK TO KILL AN ALBATROSS! BAD LOOK!"



"January 2nd 1854:

My head can hardly hold the plume. I am weak with hunger. Our food and water ran out four days ago, and still the Albatross hovers over us, its screeching driving us out of our minds."

"IT'S LAUGHING AT US. LAUGHING."

"BY HEAVEN IT'LL KILL IT."

"WAIT! WAIT! PERHAPS A BREAKER AND LOOK! STORM CLOUDS."



"January 4th 1854:

The storm hit last night straight-bells. Our walls are full-set but still this cursed sea of seaweed holds us fast. Already the ship, battered by the stormy sea, is beginning to crack and strain. Johnson has tied himself to the helm so that he may steer us out should we break loose.

"THAT CURSED ALBATROSS IS GONE, ANYWAY? BUT WE STILL DO NOT MOVE."

"THE SHIP WILL NOT BE ABLE TO TAKE THIS MUCH LONGER."



"January 5th 1854:

Carter has strangled while trying to sail on the rice an most and he hangs like a banner in the wind. Johnson will remain tied to the helm and I here in the cabin. The water is beginning to fill the hold. We are sinking fast! I will replace this entry and take to the sea. It's my last hope." John Rogers

"IS THAT ALL, DO?"

"AND? THERE'S THIS LAST ENTRY DATED JANUARY SIXTH! IT SAYS, 'THE SHIP IS SINKING! I WILL SAIL IT INTO ETERNITY!' CAPTAIN HENRY DRAGON!"





THIS IS CRAZY, CAROL! THE LAST ENTRY IN DRAGON'S MANUSCRIPTING, TOO!

LISTEN...DID YOU HEAR THAT? A FEE-HONE!

THE COUPLE RUSH TO THE DECK OF THE STRANGE VESSEL THROUGH THE GLOOM OF THE FOR. THE LIGHTS OF A TANKER COME TO-WARD THEM!

A SHIP, DON! A SHIP! WE'RE SAVED!!

AHOY!! AHOY THERE!



THEY DON'T *HEAR* US! THEY'RE COMING RIGHT AT US!

THERE'RE GOING TO *RAMP* US!



WHA...?

GOOD LORD!!



O'NONE, CAROL! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO OUR LIFE-BATT!

I...I...I THINK I'M GOING TO Faint!



QUICKLY DON AND CAROL CLIMB DOWN THE SIDE OF THE OLD ROTTEN SHIP INTO THEIR RAFT! THEY FIDDLE FURIOUSLY CALLING AFTER THE TANKER...

HELP! AHOY! HELP!

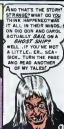
LISTEN! MAN OVER-BOARD!



ONCE ON BOARD THEY ARE FED AND MADE COMFORTABLE! THEN DON AND CAROL TELL THEIR FANTASTIC STORY...

UTTER NONSENSE! AN ILLUSION CAUSED BY EXPOSURE AND STARRATION!

SEE SHIP PASSED RIGHT THROUGH IT, YOU SAY? I THINK YOU BOTH NEED REST... PLENTY OF REST!



AND THAT'S THE STORY! STABBED WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED? WAS IT ALL IN THEIR MINDS, OR DID DON AND CAROL ACTUALLY *DEAD* ON A *SHOOT* SHIP? WELL, IF YOU'RE NOT A LITTLE... CR... SEA-SICK... TURN THE PAGE AND READ ANOTHER OF MY TALES!

# THE HUNGRY GRAVE





JIM...OH, JIM! YOU'VE BEEN WONDERFUL TO ME! I DON'T KNOW HOW? I'D HAVE DONE IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONG! ED DIDN'T LOVE ME ANY MORE!

BUT I DO, SALLY! NOW DON'T YOU WORRY! EVERYTHING IS SORTED ALONG NOW!



I'D BEEN POISONING ED BEFORE I MET YOU, JIM DEAR! HE WAS... HATEFUL! STINGY! HE'D NEVER BUY ME NICE CLOTHES! BUT I JUST KEPT GIVING HIM LITTLE DOSSES... TRYING TO BRIP MY NERVE UP INTO ~~REALLY~~ KILLING HIM...



YOU DIDN'T FEAR ENOUGH, SALLY! THIS WAY, THERE'LL BE NO FURT! ED WILL BE IN THAT GRAVE! NOBODY WILL EVER THINK OF LOOKING THERE! FOR HIM! THE LAW CAN NEVER TOUCH US!



HE'S INSIDE ON THE DINN. COME ON! I'LL GET A FIREMAN'S HITCH ON HIM, CARRY HIM TO THE CAR, THEN DRIVE OFF... BACK TO THAT GRAVEYARD!

ED'S MONEY... WITH-OUT ED... AND HAVE YOU, TOO?



ISN'T ED? ED DIDN'T HERE? THE DINN IS... EMPTY!

JIM, I'M... SCARED! A DEAD MAN CAN'T WALK... AND WE SAW HIM DRINK THE WHISKEY WITH THE ARSENIC IN IT? HE ~~WOUL~~ BE DEAD? HE'S GOT TO BE DEAD!



FOR A STUNNED MOMENT, HANDSOME YOUNG JIM KELLER AND PRETTY MISS JOA GREENE STARED AT EACH OTHER WITH HORROR WRITTEN ON THEIR FACES...

SOMEONE WAS HERE... FOUND HIM? WE'VE GOT TO RUN... GET AWAY?

BUT WHO COULD HAVE GOTTEN INTO THE HOUSE UNLOCKED? UNLESS ED WALKED AWAY... DYING... HELPLESS...



...SUDDENLY... FROM THE CELLAR...

WHA... WHAT'S THAT?

MAYBE THE POLICE... SAW HIM... BROKE IN... POLICE? I DON'T WHAT'LL WE DO?

MOAN-N-BE...



HAND IN HAND, JIM KELLER AND PRETTY BOB GREENE RAN DOWN THE COLLAR STAIRS.

THERE'S A LIGHT ON...IN THE WINE CELLAR?

COME ON! I'VE GOT TO SEE...SEE WHAT'S IN THERE!



YEAH, YEAH! NO IN THERE... KEEP HIM QUIET! WE'VE GOT THIS TO DO ALL OVER AGAIN! RIGHT NOW, I HAVE TO GET BACK TO THAT GUFFIN. CLOSE IT AND FILL IN THE GUEST!

WE DIDN'T GIVE HIM ENOUGH POWDER! THOSE LITTLE DOGS OF ARSENIC I'VE BEEN BRING HIM HAVE MADE HIM...IMMUNE!



COVERED WITH SWEAT, SHAKING WITH STRAIN, JIM WENT BACK TO THE OPEN GRAVE...

NEVER SO SHOCKED IN ALL MY LIFE... TO HEAR BOB... TALKING!



HI, POLICE! OTHER INT I BEEN DOWN HERE, HATE'N' WASTEFUL TIME! JIM... BETTA DOUBLE-BLASSER, 124, DOAN' JUS' STAY THERE. O'M DRIN...



YOU HAVIN' GOOD TIME APTA MOVIES? WHERE'S... JIM?

HE'S FINED! HE WENT HOME! FINISH YOUR DRINK, DEAN. YOU HAVE TO BE TO WORK IN THE MORNING, YOU KNOW!



THERE? THESE BOO-BODIES FIT TOGETHER CLOSELY ENOUGH SO NO ONE WILL

NOTICE THAT I'VE BEEN BRINGING HERE!



BACK IN HER FASHIONABLE HOME, BOB GREENE WALKED HER BED-ROOM FLOOR FAR INTO THE EARLY HOURS OF THE MORNING...

LAST NIGHT ALMOST SHATTERED JIM'S NERVE! I COULD FEEL IT! HE WAS SHAKING WHEN HE LEFT HERE... SHAKING! I'VE GOT TO GET FAST OR HE MAY TRY TO BACK OUT! THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, I'LL PHONE HIM!



**NEXT MORNING...**

JIM, DARLING! OH, LAST NIGHT WAS SO SHASTLY DID YOU MAKE OUT ALL RIGHT... AT THE GRAVE? GOOD? NOW LISTEN! LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY...

A MID DOSE OF ANSERIC? YES, THAT'S RIGHT! HE'LL TAKE IT IN HIS MEAL AT SUPPER TONIGHT! NO, NO, DEAREST! THIS CAN'T FAIL! I'M GOING TO USE THE BOTTLE! NOW, YOU GO RIGHT TO THE GRAVE...

**AN HOUR AFTER THE SUN SET, JIM KELLERBER WALKED OUT OF A BAR AND GRILLE.**

SURE? SURE? OH UP THE GRAVE! OPEN THE COFFIN! GET EVERYTHING READY FOR A DEAD BODY! THEN LED WORT! DID? WHAT A DRISLY SORT OF JOKE!

HAT! HAT! HAT! WHAT A WASTE OF EFFORT!

NOT EVERYTHING ALL RICE AND READY! AN EMPTY COFFIN, JUST WAITING FOR A BODY. ONLY THERE IS... THERE IS NO BODY! ED WORT! *WORT!* HE DRINKS ANSERIC LIKE I DRINK COFFEE!

ED SAID TO PICK UP THE BODY IN HER LIVING ROOM, IT WILL BE IN A BAG! BUT I'LL SET IT WORT! BE! ED'S STUBBORN! WE CAN'T KILL HIM!

HAT! HAT! CAN'T KILL HIM! EVERYBODY ELSE KILLS THEIR VICTIMS, BUT NOT US! WE HAVE A FOOLPROOF SCHEME ON HOW TO COMMIT MURDER AND GET AWAY WITH IT... ONLY OUR VICTIM WORT! DID!

JIM KELLERMAN WAS  
SHAKING IN NERVOUS  
TENSION AS HE OPENED  
THE FRONT DOOR OF  
THE GREENE MANSION.

IDA? HELLO.  
IDA...?

IDA... ISN'T HOME? BUT...  
BUT SHE LEFT... ED?

COME ON, ED? LET'S YOU AND  
ME TAKE A LITTLE RIDE, HUNT  
HUNT! I'LL DRIVE! HA HA!  
'COURSE I'LL DRIVE!

IDA AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE  
A SWELL TIME WITH YOUR MONEY,  
ED! YOU WOULDN'T SPEND A PENNY  
UNLESS YOU GOT A WIFE'S WORTH  
FOR IT, BUT YOUR PRETTY WIFE  
AND I... WE'RE GOING TO HAVE  
LOTS OF FUN!

SO LONG,  
ED?

AND THEN, AS JIM  
LOWERED THE SACK  
INTO THE OPEN  
COFFIN THE BODY  
INSIDE IT STIRRED.  
TRIED TO GET UP!

MMMMOOOAAAHHHHH

THIS WON'T TAKE LONG,  
ED? YOU'LL BE RESTING  
QUIETLY UNDER SIX  
FEET OF DIRT PRETTY  
SOON!

YOU'RE NOT DEAD YET, ED!  
NOT DEAD! STILL ALIVE!  
IDA GAVE YOU A WHOLE  
BOTTLE OF ARSENIC, ED!  
YOU'VE GOT TO BE DEAD!

BUT I'M GOING TO... MAKE  
SURE! I'M GOING TO  
BEAT YOU... ~~ED!~~

NO... NO! I CAN'T DO IT!  
I CAN'T ~~AVOID~~ ANYONE! IDA  
KNEW THAT! THAT'S WHY SHE  
GAVE ME... THE KILLING! ALL I  
EVER DID WAS DIE...

THERE? I'LL LOCK YOU INSIDE  
THE COFFIN! THAT WAY YOU CAN'T  
EVER GET OUT! EVEN IF YOU ARE  
STILL ALIVE, YOU'LL SUFFOCATE  
IN THE COFFIN! YOU'LL BE DEAD  
NOW! DEAD... DEAD...

WELT WORKING, JIM PREPARED  
THE ODDSHELL OF THE  
GREEN HARBOR... FOR A  
WHILE, ALL IS STILL IN THE  
HOUSE, AND THEN...

POOF!

YES, JIM... BUT  
YOU SEE, THAT  
WAS IDA IN THE  
BACK LAST NIGHT! I  
OVERHEARD HER LITTLE  
PLAN TO POISON ME.  
I DECIDED TO POISON  
HER INSTEAD!

I'LL COVER YOU WITH RICH  
CLEAN DIRT! HEAVY DIRT!  
DIRT YOU CAN'T PUSH ASIDE  
TO CLIMB OUT! THIS TIME,  
YOU'RE DEAD FOREVER!

COME ON IN, JIM! AS A  
BARBER MIGHT SAY BEFORE  
WELDING HIS RAZOR:  
YOU'RE NEXT!

# CAVE MAN



WE FIND HOMER HERRY IN HIS PRIVATE WORKSHOP IN THE JOHNSONIAN INSTITUTE, WHERE HE IS THE ASSISTANT CURATOR, BUSILY ENGAGED IN THE PREPARATION OF AN EXHIBIT WHICH HAS BEEN TWO YEARS IN THE MAKING...



"100,000 YEARS' ICE? IT WAS  
BUT HOW WAS  
IT PRESERVED  
FOR SO LONG?"

"FROZEN SOLID IN  
A SLABBER IN THE  
ALPS! THE INTERIOR  
COLD PRESERVED  
IT COMPLETELY!"



"GREEN WILL HAVE  
THE MARVELOUS  
BACK HERE IN THE  
INSTITUTE IN LESS  
THAN TWO WEEKS!  
I WANT YOU TO  
STOP WORK ON  
YOUR EXHIBIT  
IMMEDIATELY!"



"WHAT?  
BUT MR.  
TRIBLE,  
SEN'T IT'S... IT'S  
ALMOST DONE!  
I CAN'T  
STOP NOW!"

"I'M SORRY, HOMER, BUT A SPECIALLY  
CONSTRUCTED REFRIGERATED  
EXHIBIT CASE IS BEING MADE! I  
WANT YOU TO HELP WITH THE  
BACKDROPS AND PROPS WHICH WE'LL  
NEED TO MAKE IT LOOK AS IF THIS  
PREHISTORIC MAN IS IN HIS  
NATURAL SURROUNDINGS!"



"BUT, MR. YARDLEY, SIR,  
YOU KNOW HOW IMPORT-  
ANT THE EXHIBIT I'M  
WORKING ON IS TO ME!"

"OF COURSE, HOMER! IT'S  
A GREAT THING YOU'RE  
DOING, I ADMIT! IT WOULD  
MAKE YOU FAMOUS, BRING  
YOU WEALTH! YOUR FUTURE  
WOULD BE SECURED!"



"EXACTLY, MR. YARDLEY!  
I'VE SLAVED FOR TWO  
LONG YEARS TO PERFECT  
EVERY DETAIL! THE  
PRESSING ALONE WOULD  
ENDANGER MY CAREER! MY  
FUTURE LIFE DEPENDS  
ON IT!"



"I KNOW, HOMER. I KNOW!  
BUT BESIDE GREEN'S  
MEMORIOUS FIND, YOUR  
EXHIBIT BECOMES  
**IRRELEVANT!**  
NOW, STOP ARGUING  
AND GO AS I ASKED!"

"GRUMBLES, HOMER PERRY ATTACKED HIS NEW TASK. THE  
SUB-ZERO SHOWCASE WAS FINISHED AND REPLICAS OF  
PREHISTORIC SETTINGS CONSTRUCTED AND READY."

"PROFESSOR GREEN? I'M  
**DELIGHTED** TO SEE YOU  
AGAIN! EVERYTHING HAS  
BEEN PREPARED!"

"GOOD! I'M ANXIOUS TO  
GET TO WORK! I HOPE  
THE SHOWCASE IS **COLD**  
ENOUGH! HE STILL HAS  
TO BE SHIPPED FREE  
OF SLABBER ICE!"



"PROFESSOR  
GREEN,  
I..."

"HOMER, DON'T BOTHER THE PROFESSOR.  
WHY DON'T YOU FINISH YOUR EXHIBIT?  
YOU STILL HAVE TIME TO COMPLETE IT  
BEFORE WE OPEN THE INSTITUTE'S  
DOORS TO THE PUBLIC TOMORROW!  
ANYWAY, WE DON'T NEED YOU NOW..."





RIGHT THIS WAY, PROFESSOR! WE'LL DOOR OUR HEATED SUITS AND GET RIGHT TO WORK!



I CAN'T WAIT TO GET HIM FREE OF THAT ICE TO GET A GOOD LOOK AT HIM!

NON! I! WE MUST BE VERY GENTLE! I'D HATE TO BRUISE HIM ANY WAY!



THE TWO MEN BOAR TO OMP AWAY THE ICE BY SIT... AND TIME PASSED IN HOURS.

WE'LL BE FINISHED SOON! HE LOOKS EVEN BETTER THAN I THOUGHT!

REMARKABLE!



...AND THEN...

WE'RE DONE! LOOK AT HIM! PERFECTLY PRESERVED!

EXTRAORDINARY! YOU HAVE DONE THE WORLD A GREAT SERVICE, PROFESSOR! YOU WILL GO DOWN IN HISTORY!



FRANK! LOOK AT THEM FALLING ALL OVER HIM! THEIR KNEES! THOSE BLIND FOOLS! DON'T THEY REALIZE HIS FINDING THAT... THAT "THING" WAS JUST LARD? FRANK!

RENEGADE! MAN! J000000! U.C.



DUE TO PUBLICITY, THE INSTITUTE WAS THROGGLED WITH PEOPLE WHEN THE EXHIBITS ARE UNVEILED! BUT

EVERYONE IS SWARMING AROUND OTHER! NO ONE EVEN NOTICES MY EXHIBIT AT ALL!



IT ISN'T FAIR! I WORKED SO HARD ON MY EXHIBIT! ALL THE PRIZE AND GLORY HAS RECEIVED WOULD HAVE BEEN MINE! NOW I HATE MYSELF... BUT I'LL GET... EVER

WITH EACH SUCCESSFUL DAY, AS NEW ATTENTION AND HONORS WERE HEARD UPON OWEN, HOWER GREW MORE ANGRY AND BITTER.



JOE? YOU'RE TO BLAME FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED? IF ONLY HADN'T I FOUND YOU, I'D BE RECEIVING THE GLORY AND FAME I DESERVE!

MY WORK WILL *NEVER* BE RECOGNIZED WHILE YOU'RE AROUND. YOU STUPID NEANDERTHAL? I... WAIT! I'VE JUST HAD AN IDEA.



HEH... YES, OF COURSE? HOW SIMPLE? ALL I NEED DO IS RID MYSELF OF THIS CREATURE WITHOUT *ANY* TO CARE AT. PEOPLE WILL RECOGNIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF *MY* WORK!



...AND I KNOW *JOE* HOW TO DO IT! THE INSTITUTE IS CLOSED OVER THE WEEKENDS! THAT'LL BE *PERFECT*...*JUST PERFECT*!



EARLY SUNDAY MORNING, HOWER ENTERED THE INSTITUTE AND WENT DIRECTLY TO THE SUB-ZERO CASE.

THERE? I'VE LOCKED THE PROP THAT HOLD HIM UP? NOW TO PUT HIM ON THIS WHEEL-TABLE.



CHUCKLING, HOWER WHEELED THE PREHISTORIC MAN INTO AN ELEVATOR, WHICH BROUGHT THEM TO THE ROOF OF THE INSTITUTE.



NOW TELL YOU ON THE ROOF WHERE THE SUN IS SURE TO BEAT DOWN ON YOU ALL DAY.

AFTER BEING IN "FROZEN STORAGE" FOR 500,000 YEARS, A DAY SPENT IN THE SUN'S HEAT SHOULD DECOMPOSE YOU IN NO TIME? HA? HA! THERE WILL BE ALMOST *NOTHING* LEFT OF YOU!





THE DAY PASSED ALL TOO SLOWLY FOR HOMER, BUT FINALLY IT WAS NIGHT... AND HE RETURNED TO THE INSTITUTE...

I'LL HAVE TO BRING THE ROTTEN REMAINS OF ITS BODY BACK HERE WHERE THEY BELONG! I'LL JUST PROP THIS SHOW-GASE DOOR OPEN...



MOMENTS LATER HE WAS ON THE SCENE!

WHAT IS? I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! HE HADN'T DE-COMPOSED AT ALL... JUST SEEMS TO HAVE PHASED OUT A BIT! *LAST IT!* TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING MORE! I'LL HAVE TO PUT HIM BACK...



THE SUN WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH! NEXT WEEKEND I'LL TRY TO HELP IT ALONG BY BRINGING HIGH POWER HEAT LAMPS...



WHY... THOUGHT I SAW HIS EYE TWITCH? *HECK!* MUST BE MY IMAGINATION...



OH... HERE WE ARE... ONLY TAKE A FEW MORE MINUTES TO REACH THE EXHIBIT-CASE! BE GLAD TO GETTING JITTERY...



COULD HAVE SWORN HIS HAND MOVED JUST THEN! *FFAAR!* JUST MY NERVES ACTING UP!



GOOD HEAVENS! HE'S ALIVE! HE WASN'T DEAD AT ALL! HE... HE MUST HAVE BEEN IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION!



NO! NO! DON'T COME NEAR ME! KEEP AWAY! KEEP AWAY FROM ME!





SUDDENLY THE PREHISTORIC MAN NOTICES HIS STRANGE SURROUNDINGS AND FRIGHTENED, RAGES THROUGH THE HALLS, BREAKING EVERY-



IN A FLASH, THE NEANDERTHAL RAGES AND STORMS UNTIL HE REACHES THE OPEN DOOR-WAY TO THE EXHIBIT THAT HOUSED HIM. HE STOPS, FOR INSIDE HE SEES SOMETHING... SOMETHING FAMILIAR.



THROUGH THE SHOWCASE GLASS HE SEES THE REPLICAS OF A PREHISTORIC ANIMAL, AND IN HIS CONFUSED, REVELERIES WHO HE KNOWS BUT ONE THING... *FIGHT!*





NEXT MORNING, YAMOLEY AND GREER ARRIVE... TO FIND...



**WHAT SCOTTY?** IT'S HOMER PERRY! HE'S DEAD!

AND MY EXHIBIT? LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MY BEARDETHAL MAN!

**AWA!** TELL IT ALL NOW! HOMER PERRY WAS INSANELY JEALOUS OF YOU, PROFESSOR! HE MUST HAVE RUN AWAY IN HERE AND ACCIDENTALLY FALLEN OFF THAT BALCONY!

OF COURSE! HE WENT MAD AND TRIED TO DESTROY MY EXHIBIT! TRAGIC! WELL, LET'S PHONE THE POLICE, AND THEN FIX THE EXHIBIT AS IT WAS!



SOME TIME LATER...

AT LAST THE POLICE HAVE GONE! THANKS HEAVEN THE BEARDETHAL MAN WASN'T DAMAGED!

YES! ISN'T IT STRANGE THE WAY MEN REACT TO LIFE? WOMEN, IN A JERSEY RAGE, CAN WILD... JUST LIKE ANY PREHISTORIC MAN WOULD!

QUITE RIGHT, PROFESSOR! OH, IF ONLY IT WERE POSSIBLE TO SEE HOW THIS FELLOW, HERE, WOULD ACT IF HE WERE ALIVE! WOULDN'T THAT BE SOMETHING TO SEE?

INDEED! IT'D GIVE MY LIFE TO EXPERIENCE THE THRILL OF FACING A LIVE BEARDETHAL! BUT ALAS! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE... IS IT?



WHEN DANIEL KING ARRIVED IN HAITI, THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND OF VODOO AND BLACK MAGIC, NEVER IN HIS MOST FANTASTIC NIGHTMARES DID HE DREAM HE WOULD ENCOUNTER A...

# ZOMBIE!



IT CERTAINLY IS  
NICE OF YOU TO  
LET ME BE YOUR  
GUEST HERE ON  
YOUR PLANTATION,  
MR. RICHARDS...

DON'T MENTION IT,  
OL' BOY. GLAD TO  
HAVE YOU! IT  
GETS REALLY  
LOOSE SOME  
HERE, YOU  
KNOW, NICE  
TO HAVE  
SOMEONE TO  
TALK TO!



HOW LONG  
HAVE YOU  
BEEN HERE?

ABOUT EIGHT MONTHS.  
ALL TOLD I BOUGHT  
THIS PLACE  
SEVERAL MONTHS  
AFTER THE DEATH  
OF THE FORMER  
OWNER... STRANGE  
TALE...





STRANGER? PERHAPS YOU WOULD TELL IT TO ME... I MIGHT BE ABLE TO USE IT IN THE ARTICLE I'M WRITING ABOUT THIS ISLAND!

HEM, YES, OF COURSE! WELL, AS I KNOW IT... JUST A MOMENT! DO YOU HEAR ANYTHING?



WHY, YES, YES, I DO! IT'S GETTING LOUDER... SOUNDS LIKE... LIKE *BOOM!*!

THE *BOOMBOOMBOOM!*



I HAVEN'T READ MUCH ON THE SUBJECT OF *BOOMBOOM* MR. RICHARDS. WHAT'S UP?

NOTHING GOOD, YOU MAY BE AWARE OF *THAT!* THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE HEARD THEM TOO, ALTHOUGH I'VE BEEN TOLD.



I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN! NO MATTER HOW SOUND AT ALL! THE PLANTATION IS DESERTED!

SAY, WHAT DOES THAT IS SOMETHING I CAN USE, SAY NO!



FORGET IT *BOOMBOOM* *MYST!* THE PLANTATION NATIVES HAVE BATTERED IN THE JUNGLE TO JOIN IN A BLACK MAGIC RITUAL!

SAY? THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF MATERIAL I WANT! I'VE GOT TO SEE THAT RITUAL! WHERE'S MY CAR, PA?



MR. RING! YOU CAN'T LEAVE THIS HOUSE *FORNIGHT!* IT JUST ISN'T DONE! THIS IS *BOOMBOOM MYST!* ALL SORTS OF WEIRD THINGS HAPPEN WHEN THOSE NATIVES PERFORM THEIR RITUALS! NO OUTSIDER IS SAFE OUT THERE!

MR. RICHARDS, I CAME DOWN HERE TO GET MATERIAL TO WRITE ABOUT, AND I'M GOING TO GET IT!!



P-PLEASE! I REP OF YOU! *DON'T* *BO!*

SO LONG, MR. RICHARDS!

ARMED WITH BUT HIS CAMERA, DANIEL KING PLUNGED DEEP INTO THE DENSE UNDERGROWTH AND HURRIEDLY MADE HIS WAY TOWARD THE SOUND OF THE DISTANT DRUMS. HE TREMBLED WITH EXCITEMENT, AND PERSPIRATION DROD FROM HIS PORES LIKE WATER. AS THE BOOMING VOODOO DRUMS POUNDED IN HIS EARS AND THE FREKIED SCREAMING CHANTS OF THE NATIVES HERALDED THE NEARNESS OF HIS GOAL, SUDDENLY HE WAS THERE! GREEN, DANIEL KING WATCHED... AFRAID... BUT YET ENTRANCED...



"GREAT BOOY!" THIS IS FANTASTIC! THOSE DRUMS ARE SO LOUD! I CAN'T HEAR MYSELF THINK!



THIS IS TERRIFIC MATERIAL! JUST WHAT MY ARTICLE NEEDS! SAY, WHAT ARE THESE NATIVES DOING NOW? THEY'RE BRINGING SOMETHING UP TO THE FIRE.



"IT'S A COFFIN!" AND... AND THEY'RE LIFTING THE BOOY OUT.



NOW THEY'RE STANDING IT UP AGAINST THAT POLE.



THE NATIVES DANCED FASTER ABOUT THE HORRIBLE, EMACIATED CORPSE THE FIRE BURNED BRIGHTER AND THE DRUMS THROBBED THROUGH DANIEL'S KIDS, MAKING HIS HEAD ACHE! THEN

BREATH STOP! THE THE CORPSE THE ONE'S GRIMACING! HER FACE HER BODY BEGINNED TO LOOK YOUNG! SHE'S BEGINNING TO LOOK ALIVE!



BLAST! THIS IS AMAZING! I'VE GOT TO GET A PICTURE OF IT!



LOVE! MINE! THEY NOTICED THE FLASH! EVERYTHING STOPPED!







"AS I SAID, HE LIKED THE NATIVES, AND THEY IN TURN, ADMIRER HIM BECAUSE OF THIS, JASON HATED HER AND HURT HER OFTEN, BUT THOUGH THE NATIVES LOATHED HIM ENOUGH TO KILL HIM, THEY DID NOTHING FOR THEY FEARED HIM JUST AS MUCH..



"BUT SUDDENLY, IN A DARKENED PASS, JASON BURST UPON THE SCENE, HOWLING HIS PROPANITY UPON HIS WIFE HE DRENCHED HIM AND **KNOCK** HER! SHE FELL DEAD



"THE NATIVES BENT HER TO JASON, SHE WAS TO WREAK HER REARDE UPON HIM FOR HIS SIN



"BULLETS WERE UNLSESS' LEAD WILL NOT KILL ONE ALREADY DEAD"



"HOWEVER, ONE NIGHT MARIE DREAMED AWAY TO JOIN HER FRIENDS IN A RITUAL, SHE DANCED ECSTATICALLY AND CHANTED WITH THEM. SHE WAS LOVELY TO SEE..



"THAT SAME NIGHT, AFTER JASON HAD LEFT, THE WOODS DRANK FULBATED THROUGH THE JUNGLE. THE PEICES OF BLACKWAVE WERE CONJURED UP AND BY THEIR EVIL POWER MARIE BECAME ONE OF THE LIVING DEAD! SHE WAS A **ZOMBIE**!"



"AND JASON, TERRIFIED BY THE WORDS, FLED INTO THE JUNGLE..



THERE WAS NO ESCAPE. JARON FIRED AGAIN AND AGAIN UNTIL HIS GUN WAS EMPTY. AND STILL, THE WHITE ZOMBIE STALKED HIM.



HYSTERICALLY, HE PLUNGED DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE, HOPING SOMEHOW TO FIND SAFETY.



BUT INSTEAD, HE FOUND GUARDIANS!



HIS FRANTIC EFFORTS TO FREE HIMSELF ONLY SUCKED HIM DEEPER INTO THE MIRE... AS THE WHITE ZOMBIE WALKED SILENTLY UP TO THE EDGE OF THE BOG...



AND BLINDLY FOLLOWED HIM TO EXTINCTION!



AND THAT'S THE STORY, KIDS! TOMORROW, I REALIZE NOW, IS THE ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR DEATH! TOMORROW, THE NATIVES TRIED TO BRING HER BACK!

THEY DID BRING HER BACK! I JUMP HER! WAIT, I'VE FORGOTTEN DEVELOP THE PHOTO! PUT ON THE LIGHT AND WE'LL HAVE A LOOK!



WELL, HERE, SHE'S NOT THERE! EVERYTHING ELSE IS! THE NATIVES, THE FIRE, EVEN THE POLE SHE STOOD AGAINST! EVERYTHING'S THERE, EXCEPT THE WHITE ZOMBIE!

?



THE END

# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH? GREETINGS, SNOODS? AH, THAT'S THE WAY... JUST SHOVE THE  
RODIES AROUND AND MAKE YOURSELVES MISERABLE HERE IN *THE CRYPT*, WHILE  
THIS COLD-BLOODED CHARACTER, YOUR CANTANKEROUS *CRYPT-KEEPER*  
READIES A SPINE-SPLITTING SAGA FROM MY FOUL FILES IN *THE CRYPT OF  
TERROR*? THIS MISERABLE MESS OF MORBIDITY IS THE NIGHTMARE OF A  
DELIRIOUS DREAMER WHO, POOR DEVIL, KEPT LOSING HIS HEAD OVER THE  
SAME WOMAN! I CALL THIS DOLOROUS DIARY OF HEART-RENDING  
CONFUSION... TOLD BY JMOZ IN HIS OWN WORDS...

## CHOP TALK!



"THE PEOPLE OF BERLIN HAD DESERTED THE PARTY THAT  
 NEW DECEMBER DAY. THE LEAFLESS, SLEEPING TREES...  
 THE FORSAKEN BIRD-NESTS... THE HARD, FROZEN EARTH  
 LAYING LIKE A DEAD WOMAN AWAITING A SNOWY SHROUD.  
 ALL GAVE ANNA AND I THE IMPACT FOR A REMEDY."

"THIS IS GOODBYE, ANNA? I MEAN IT THIS TIME,  
 THEN LET US HAVE A  
**FAREWELL KISS!**"

"EMIL! I DON'T WANT TO  
 SEE YOU AGAIN!"



"I'D HAD THIS BUSINESS BEFORE WITH ANNA. SHE'D SAY  
 WE WERE THROUGH... BUT THE NEXT DAY SHE'D COME  
 CRAWLING BACK TO ME! THIS TIME, HOWEVER, THERE WAS  
 A COLDNESS, A **FINALITY** IN HER VOICE... THAT I FOUND  
 HARD TO BELIEVE."

"ANNA, YOU **DON'T** MEAN  
 IT! YOU'LL COME **BACK**  
 TO ME... LIKE **ALWAYS!**"

"NO, EMIL! I'M GOING TO TELL  
 MY HUSBAND **EVERYTHING!**  
 I'M GOING TO SEE HIS  
**FORGIVENESS!** HE **LOVES**  
 ME!"



"DON'T TALK LIKE  
 A FOOL! YOU COULD  
 NEVER GIVE ME  
 UP! YOU... **OW!**"

"IT'S OVER!  
 CAN'T YOU  
 UNDERSTAND?  
 WE'RE  
**THROUGH!**"



"I DON'T KNOW WHY OR HOW I  
 SUDDENLY BECAME SO ENRAGED!  
 BEFORE I REALIZED WHAT I WAS  
 DOING, I GRABBED THE SCARF-END  
 AND DREW THEM TIGHTLY ABOUT  
 HER THROAT..."



"ALL RIGHT, ANNA... THEN IT'S  
**OVER!**"

"A MOMENT LATER SHE SLUMPED TO  
 THE GROUND... AND STILL I TWISTED  
 THE SCARF TIGHTER EVEN THOUGH I  
 HEARD THE HEAVY POUNDING OF FEET  
 BEHIND ME..."



"HUGE, POWERFUL HANDS YANKED ME AWAY FROM THE  
 LIMP BODY AND SPUN ME AROUND! A GREAT FIST SLAMMED  
 AGAINST MY HEAD WITH THE FORCE OF A SLEDGE-  
 HAMMER!"



"WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE** TO  
 HER? WHAT HAVE YOU **DONE**  
 TO MY WIFE?"

"DIMLY, I SAW THE MAN CRADLE ANNA IN HIS ENORMOUS  
 ARMS. VAGUELY, I REALIZED THAT HE WAS **REVENGING**...  
 ANNA'S **HUSBAND!** THROUGH THE THROBBING ACHE IN  
 MY HEAD, I HEARD HER MOANFUL Sobs... AND SLOWLY,  
 PAINFULLY, I TRIED TO CRAWL AWAY..."



"ANNA... **FORGIVE** ME, ANNA!  
 WHERE HAVE I **FAILED**  
 YOU?"

"I HAD HARDLY GONE FIFTEEN FEET WHEN THE GREAT BRUTE WAS UPON ME, PULLING ME UP AS IF I WERE A MAD-DOLL! I COULD SEE THE HATE DEEP IN HIS TEAR-REDDED EYES... THE LIVID SCAR ON HIS CHIN."

"I COULD KILL YOU, MISTER! I COULD SNAP YOUR FILTHY NECK WITH ONE HAND... BUT THERE WILL BE A *WOTSE* WAY... I *PROMISE* YOU!"

"YOU... YOU SHOULD THANK ME! SHE... SHE WAS *NO GOOD*!"



"HEINRICH SLAMMED HIS CALLoused FAW AGAINST MY MOUTH! MY LIFE BECAME WARM AND SWOLLEN ALMOST AT ONCE, AND I COULD FEEL WARM BLOOD FROM WHERE THEY WERE TORN, TRICKLING DOWN MY CHIN."

"*LOAR!*" MY ANNA IS DEAD! I HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR NOW... NOTHING BUT TO SEE YOU *SUFFER AND DIE!*"



"I CAN HARDLY RECALL THE FRIGHTFUL FANTASY OF MY TRIAL. HEINRICH WAS THERE, STARING AT ME! I TRIED NOT TO LOOK AT HIM, BUT I FELT HIS SIMULDERING EYES ON ME EVERY ASSHOLING MOMENT."



"I WAS FILLED WITH RELIEF WHEN I AT LAST RECEIVED MY SENTENCE..."

"...AND ON A DAY CONVENIENT TO THE HEAD WARDEN, YOU, EMIL VOIST, WILL BE PUT TO DEATH..."



"IN MY CELL, I THOUGHT OF MY DEATH AND IT SEEMED UNREAL... IT COULD NEVER HAPPEN TO *ME*! THEN, ONE DAY..."

"EMIL VOIST? YOU HAVE A VISITOR?"



"I RECOGNIZED HIM AT ONCE BY THE BIG SCAR ON HIS CHIN, AND THOSE HATE-FILLED EYES THAT GLARED THROUGH THE SLITS IN HIS EXECUTIONER'S MASK."

"HEINRICH! YOU... YOU ARE THE EXECUTIONER!"

"ANNA DIDN'T TELL YOU ABOUT MY JOB, EN? BUT DON'T TREMBLE SO! YOUR TIME HAS NOT COME... *YET*!"



"I HAVE TO EXECUTE A MAN IN A LITTLE WHILE, SO I CAN ONLY STAY A FEW MINUTES! HAVE YOU EVER *SEEN* AN EXECUTION, VOIST? LET ME TELL YOU HOW IT *GOES*!"

"NO... NO, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR! GO AWAY!"



"MENTALLY, I TRIED TO DEAFEN MYSELF, BUT HIS WORDS BURST INTO MY BRAIN. I FOUGHT NOT TO LOOK, YET I COULD NOT TEAR MY EYES FROM THE BLENNING, RAZORED ARE..."

I SPEND THE NIGHT BEFORE, HONING MY AXE SO IT WILL BE OVER QUICKLY FOR THE OOMED MAN... **UNLESS IT HAPPENS TO BE SOMEONE I DON'T LIKE!** THEN I AM HAPPY TO WASTE THREE OR FOUR STROKES TO PROLONG THE AGONY!



"I COVERED MY EARS... AND STILL I HEARD."

...FIRST I GO TO MY VICTIM'S CELL, AND IN MY MOST SOMBER VOICE, I CALL HIM! SOMETIMES HE WILL WALK WITH ME... OTHER TIMES HE WILL BE DRAGGED, CLAWING AND SCREAMING!



...AND AS YOUR HEAD TUMBLER INTO THE WAITING PASKET, BEFORE THE DARKNESS CLOSED IN, YOU'LL SEE YOUR NECK... BRISTLY RAW FLESH, SPLINTERED BONE, THE RED BLOOD GUSHING OUT...!

STOP IT! STOP IT!



IT IS SOMETHING FOR YOU TO **THOINK** ABOUT, VOIST! WHEN YOUR TIME COMES, YOU'LL KNOW I'LL ONLY BE THINKING OF **JANNA**, AND HOW **LOVELY** I AM, AND HOW GOOD IT WILL BE TO **JOIN** HER... AFTER I HAVE FINISHED WITH YOU!



"I FELL UPON MY FUNK IN A COMA-LIKE SLEEP, EXHAUSTED BY THE HORRENDOUS EXPERIENCE TO WHICH NEIGHBOR HAD SUBJECTED ME..."



"I DID NOT KNOW HOW LONG I SLEPT, BUT SUDDENLY, THROUGH THE MIST OF MY UNCONSCIOUS, I HEARD HIS VOICE CALLING ME. HE CALLED AGAIN, LOUDER..."

COME, ENIL VOIST!

IS IT (GASP) NOW?



"MY INSIDES GUTTERED LIKE COLD JELLY, AND MY LEGS WERE RUBBERY BENEATH ME, BUT I WAS PERCELY DETERMINED NOT TO SHOW HIM MY FEAR, NOT TILL I Laid EYES ON THE BLOODSTAINED BLOCK... NOT TILL THEN DID I WEAKEN."

NOT NO! PLEASE!

TO THE BLOCK, ENIL VOIST!



"HEINRICH BRUSQUELY SHOVELED ME DOWN ON MY KNEES AND ADJUSTED MY HEAD ON THE BLOCK! I GLANCED UP AND SAW THE MIGHTY SWELLING OF HIS BICEPS AS HE RAISED THE AXE! IT GLINTED IN THE SUNLIGHT."



"IT WAS DULL, THAT BLADE, AND THE BLOW SAVED AGAIN! I COULD HEAR HIM LAUGH, THROUGH MY ASORT, AS HE BROUGHT THE AXE DOWN AGAIN AND AGAIN... AND I WOKE UP FROM THE SOUND OF MY OWN SCREAMS!"

"OOOH... I'VE... I'VE  
BEN DREAMING?"



"I WAS FRIGHTENED, THE NIGHT-  
MARE HAD CLEARLY FORTOLD THE  
HORRORS I WOULD ENDURE AT  
HEINRICH'S HANDS, AND I WAS POS-  
SESSED WITH DREAD..."



"HAD I KNOWN I WOULD *DREAM*  
AGAIN, I WOULD NEVER HAVE  
*SLEPT* THAT NIGHT..."

"COME, EVIL POWER!"



"HE SEIZED MY CHAINS AND DRAGGED  
ME, STRUGGLING AND SCREAMING,  
THROUGH THE CORRIDOR OF THE  
DAMNED..."



"I RANTED AND KICKED EVERY STEP OF THE WAY! TWO  
ASSISTANTS WERE NEEDED TO HOLD MY HEAD DOWN TO  
THE CHOPPING BLOCK, EVEN *AFTER* THE FIRST BLOW  
OF THE DULL BLADE..."



"AGAIN I AWOKE SCREAMING! SWEAT BEADED MY SKIN...  
AND THE BACK OF MY NECK ACHED! TREMBLING, I TRIED  
TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE..."

"A DREAM? A BLASTED  
*DREAM*? IT'S DRIVING  
ME CRAZY! WHY  
DON'T THEY SET IT  
OVER WITH?"



"THE DAYS AND NIGHTS PASSED ENDLESSLY IN A WHIRL OF HORRIFYING NIGHTMARES. AND THOUGH I FOUGHT TO STAY AWAKE, MY WAKING THOUGHTS OFFERED NO RELIEF."



"I LIVED IN AN HYPNOTIC DELIRIUM, HARDLY KNOWING WHEN I WAS CONSCIOUS, BEING AWARE ONLY OF HOW I WAS LED TO THE BLOCK TIME AND AGAIN! I WAS TOO MUMB TO FEEL, FEAR. I COULD ONLY FEEL THE TERRIBLE BLOW, THE CRUSHING OF BONES, THE CHOCK OF THE AXE IN MY FLESH."



"INSIDE I ACHED FROM THE TORMENTS OF MY REPEATED DREAMS. I LONGED FOR DEATH... SWEET UNKNOWN, UNFEELING DEATH..."



"I PRAYED FOR DEATH! I WELCOMED IT WITH OPEN ARMS FOR I KNEW IT WAS THE ONLY MEANS OF MY ESCAPING THIS TORTURE..."



"AND THEN AT LAST, IT WAS TIME TO GOE, FINAL FIGHT! AT LAST! IT WILL BE OVER SOON!"



"I WALKED TO DEATH WITH A SMILE. I WAS HAPPY KNOWING THIS WAS THE REAL THING! HEINRICH SAW MY JOY, AND HE SCORCHED AT ME IN SPEECHLESS FURY."

"YOU LOSE, HEINRICH! YOU CAN'T HURT ME ANYMORE! IN A FEW MOMENTS, I'LL BE FREE OF YOU!"



"IT WAS SOMETHING I HAD NOT COUNTED ON OR HOPED FOR. HEINRICH LOST HIS TEMPER! HE BROUGHT THE GREAT AXE DOWN WITH ALL HIS MIGHT! ONE GACK, DRAFF PAIN... AND IT WAS OVER!"





"DO YOU THINK ONE DOES NOT KNOW WHEN HE HAS  
CROSSED THE BARRIER? I KNEW. I KNEW HEINRICH  
LIFTED MY HEAD FROM THE BASKET, AND THAT HE WAS  
INFURIATED BECAUSE HE COULD HURT ME NO MORE."

IT WAS TOO EASY, VOIST?  
TOO EASY, DO YOU HEAR?



"...AND THEN I HEARD THE VOICE, THE SAME VOICE, THE  
TERRIBLE, HAUNTING VOICE I HAD HEARD SO OFTEN..."

COME, EMIL  
VOIST!



"AND I REALIZED NOW THAT I WAS TO SPEND AN ETERNITY PAYING,  
OVER AND OVER AGAIN WITHOUT END, FOR ANNA'S MURDER."



"I KNEW WHEN THEY SOWN MY HEAD BACK ONTO MY  
BODY, AND WHEN THEY CARRIED ME OFF IN AN OLD WAGON,  
WHEN THEY BURIED ME IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE, I KNEW  
WHEN HEINRICH EMPTIED THE POISON DOWN HIS BULL-  
LIKE THROAT."

I'M COMING, ANNA! I'M COMING!



"IT WAS A CALL I COULD NOT RESIST. I ROSE TO ANSWER  
IT... AND FACED HIM... HEINRICH, MY EXECUTIONER..."

COME, EMIL VOIST!

NO! DAMPT! NO! NO!



HEH, HEH! A WEE BIT ON THE GOLF SIDE,  
ER, KIDDEST YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT THAT  
EMIL HAD A HEAD FOR BUSINESS... HEH...  
MONEY BUSINESS? WELL, IF YOU'RE  
STILL IN THE MOOD FOR MORRISHTY,  
STICK AROUND... K, K'S READY WITH MORE,  
SO TIDDLE-BOO FOR NOW!



THE  
END